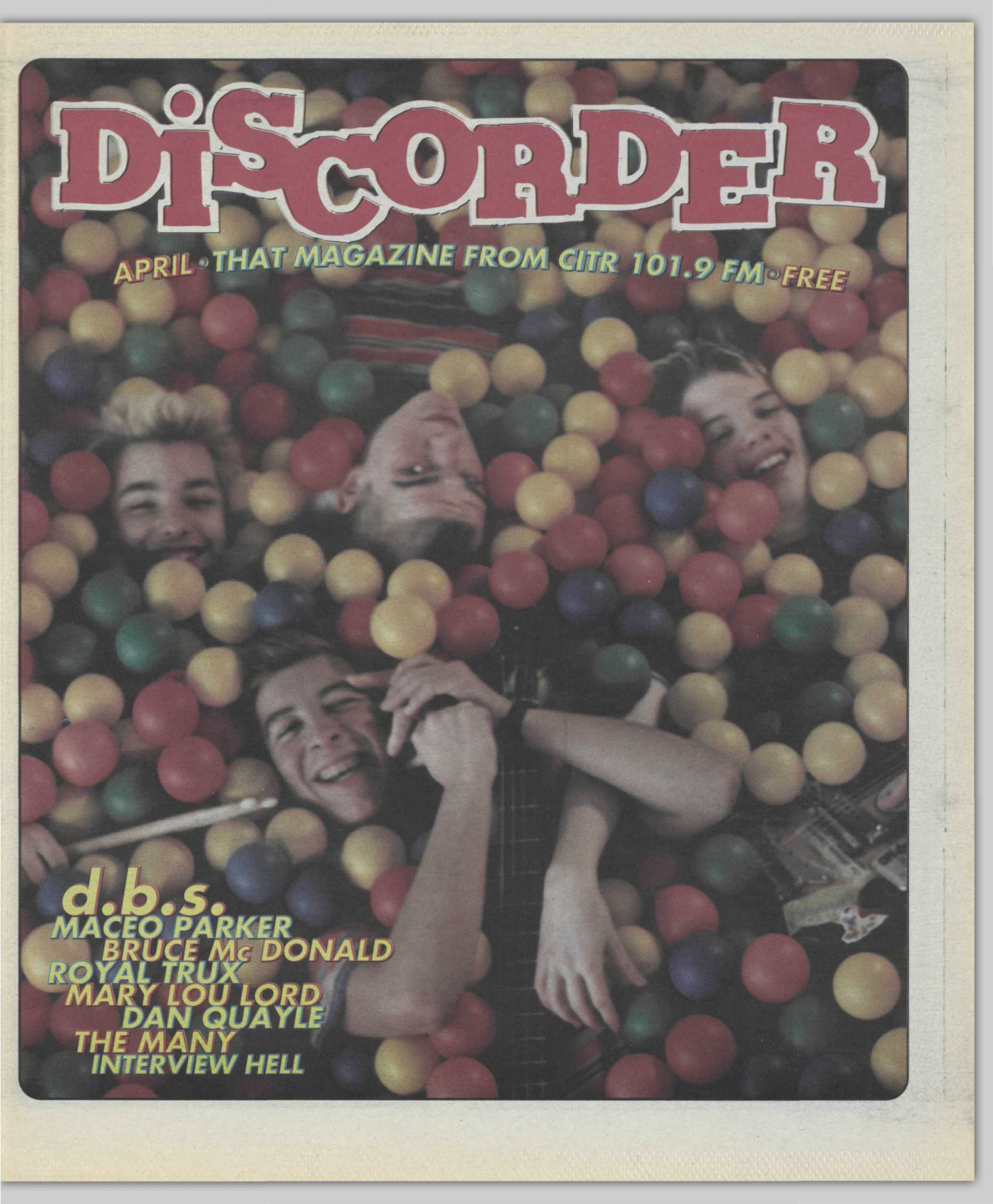


DISORDER



APRIL • THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR 101.9 FM • FREE

d.b.s.
MACEO PARKER
BRUCE McDONALD
ROYAL TRUX
MARY LOU LORD
DAN QUAYLE
THE MANY
INTERVIEW HELL

LEADING THE WAY

SNFU - The One Voted Most Likely To Succeed
GREAT SONGS, A SOLID PRODUCTION (BY DAVE OGILVIE)...
SIMPLY THEIR BEST ALBUM YET!



E
CUTUP

KMFDM - Nihil

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W
RECORDS

MCA

RED AUNTS - #1 Chicken

DEBUT EPITAPH RELEASE! INSTANT PUNK CREDIBILITY!
ACTIVE SATANISTS! "A FUCKING CLASSIC FROM HELL (YEAH)!"
- FLIPSIDE (REVIEW OF EARLIER E.P.)



E
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CASPAR BRÖTZMANN MASSAKER - Home

THE SECOND DOMESTIC (AND FIFTH OVERALL) RELEASE FROM THE CRITICALLY-ACCLAIMED GERMAN TRIO LED BY THE GROUND-BREAKING GUITAR-DECONSTRUCTIONIST CASPAR BRÖTZMANN.



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ARCHERS OF LOAF - Vee Vee

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W
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Vocals, Guitar

Mike McCready
Electric and Acoustic
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**John Baker
Saunders**
Electric Bass

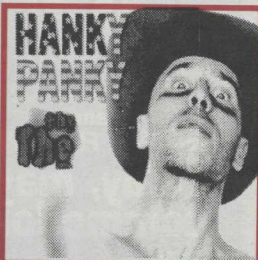
Barrett Martin
Drums, Percussion,
Upright Bass, Cello,
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A tribute to the
great Hank Williams



SPONGE - Rotting Piñata

airhead

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canada
v6t 1z1

Dear Disorder,

We would like to extend our thanks for your time and effort in making the Ken Jensen Memorial - Fire Prevention/Awareness Benefit such a great success. The benefit at the Commodore was wonderful, the event sold out, everything ran smoothly and on time, egos were conspicuously absent, and all the bands sounded terrific. It was a great show of support and very comforting to Curt and Elizabeth Jensen, who had a really good time and were truly touched by the amount of effort put into the tribute to their son. The New York Theater benefit was also great with approximately 240 in attendance. Other benefit shows were produced in Regina, Portland, Tacoma and Seattle. There will be a benefit and auction [with items donated by assorted record labels and

bands] in Toronto on April 14th and 15th.

In total, about \$13,000 was raised. This money will be used to repay Ken's surviving roommates and D.O.A. for losses incurred in the fire. The remainder will be used to purchase smoke detectors and batteries, which will be distributed through the Carnegie Center and through the Neighborhood House Society of Greater Vancouver. In addition, we have started a lobbying campaign to ensure property owners are aware of their legal responsibility to install smoke detectors in rental accommodations. Hopefully, this will help in preventing any more unnecessary tragedies.

Thanks again,
Jay Scott
Laurie Mercer
Ingrid Severson
Joe Keithley

Dear Disorder,

Please try to help me. I have recently moved from Van/UBC/Island to New Hazelton, BC on the mighty Skeena River. The people, the scenery, & life in general is cool...yet...except for the occasional pleasurable sonic experiences with CBC waves (when the radio at home can ride them), I am stuck with country radio. Now no offence to any of you Blood on the Saddle types, but country is the shits on the waves around these mountains. Disorder magazine, even though it's not audible, would be like a shot of Jack Daniels in this watered down American beer music radio I hear lately. Could you send it to me?

Subdue,

Bruce

P.S. The ironic thing is that the station locally is found at 101.9 on the dial. Scary!

FUCK CORPORATE ROCK!

While many of you, our cherished readers, believe that this should be our magazine's credo, we would like to take this opportunity to remind you that, if nothing else, corporate rock is good for **FUCK STUFF!**

To send us a postcard with your name and address and we'll send you one of either JULIANA HATFIELD's Only Everything or KISSER 233's Big Red. (Please specify.) **FUCK STUFF!**

c/o Disorder
233-6138 SUB Blvd.

Hey Airhead!

I am a long time reader of your rag, and I always like your reviews on local bands. If it weren't for you, many local acts would go unnoticed. And although the local scene is great (i.e. Good Horsey, Bum), I still haven't heard a band that measures up to Brooklyn's Babe the Blue Ox, although because I am

underaged, I haven't been able to get into that many shows. Ah well, maybe in five years I will be able to make an informed opinion.

Moving on, back in January a man (maybe) by the name of R.C. Johnson wrote a letter to you people calling down Grant Lawrence. He is a moron. In the long time I have read 7", I've heard Grant Lawrence call down bands because of the quality of the music, not age. Grant Lawrence's column is my favorite part of this most awesome zine.

My Best,
Devon Saintsbury

P.S. I realize Mr. Lawrence has already defended himself, but I had to get that off my chest.

P.S.S. Whatever happened to Everything's Ducky? Yikes! This makes two month's in a row that Grant has received positive feedback. He must be losing his touch...As for Everything's Ducky, Mr. Blaine Thurier, the comic's scribe, tottled off to Japan a few months ago (more like a couple of years now) and hasn't been heard from since. Bye bye.



CHIPMUNKS & SQUIRRELS THE MOVIE ON MCMXCTV MICHAEL AUSHENKER

STARRING SYLVESTER STALLONE
AS "ADOLPH!"



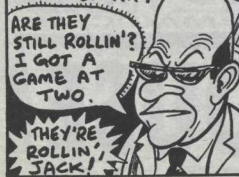
WARREN BEATTY AS
"SHINY"



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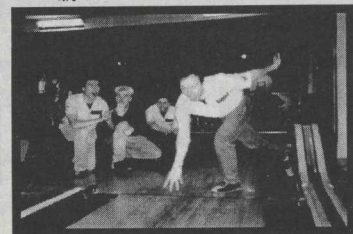


...AND
JACK NICHOLSON
AS
A.C. SPIFFY



LIFE WITH THE FAMILY ENNDYE

I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU, ENNDYE READERS. YOU CAN'T IMAGINE THE LOVELY LIFE! LEADING, DELICIOUS AS FRESH BREAD AND NOT ANOTHER SOUL AROUND FOR MILES. SNOW GIVES OFF PERFUME, BIRDS SOUND ALARMS, LITTLE INDOOR FLIES PINCH ME - OR IS IT THE FOX-GLOVES ON MY ARMS? FAIRIES THAT DON'T EXIST STRING ARMS TOGETHER LIKE NECKLACES, TUMBLING VEGETABLES AND CHIPPED PLATES OFF MY SHELVES FOR TO HANG THERE LIKE FRUIT BATS. CLEVERLY, I'VE GLUED DOWN THE POTATOES. AN OWL KEEPS ME COMPANY WITH ME IN A SLIPSHOD WAY, LEAVING CRUNCHY BONE PELLETS TO SWEEP OUT IN THE MORNING, WATCHING ME SLEEP WITH HIS BACKWARDS HEAD. THIS MORNING AS I COLLECTED WATER THE WET FIELDS CLUNG HARDER THAN BRAMBLES TO ME LEGS! MY LITTLE DOG IS FASTENED TIGHT, OVERGROWN WITH IVY, SO I GO IN AND OVER THE WINDOW SILL WHERE THE RAIN HAS BEATEN AND THE WALL HAS WEPT FROM ITS PUNISHING WAYS. THE HOUSE CRAWLS. FINE-EYED TOADS WARM ON PAVING STONES. STELLAR'S JAY NESTS IN CELLAR'S HAY. MUCH AS I HATE TO DRINK PLAIN WATER, THIS SPRING TASTES OF NOTHING BUT COLD EARTH. COME ANY TIME TO VISIT BUT DON'T BRING COLIN FIRTH.



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Looks like this month Dale's gonna be doing a solo gig in order to maintain the hollowed tradition that is Vancouver Special. Mr. Sean Raggett has been hit with a crippling burden of scholastic headaches, so we've given him the month off (without pay, of course) so he can attend to his academic woes. Unfortunately, I'm not as cool as Sean so I have no dirt for ya: no impending releases, no cool upcoming all-ages gigs, no who's-banking-who. Instead, it's just cassettes, tapes, demos, all dilly, odds infinitum et nauseum. So for those of you unaccustomed to life in the local recording underground, you'd best grab a snorkel 'cause we're going down (with apologies to the Gipsy).

Actually, the first thing I should get out of the way is some kind of cursory explanation as to my general philosophy as to the demo, reviews found in this column. I, as the humble yet omnipotent Demo Director for CTR, listen attentively to the hundreds of cassettes that are sent to the station every year. I take some of those tapes (it doesn't matter to me whether or not the submitting artists consider them to be 'demos' or 'Cassette Releases') and tiddle sum them up in print within the confines of my editorial column space. Here's where the debate lies: should this be an opportunity to vent my splenic organ on the relative merits of music, or the artists themselves, or one we simply looking at a forum for exposing people to the existence of these tapes and informing them as to what to expect from the music contained therein? I tend to opt for the latter; however, others may argue that the role of the critic is to point out which music is 'good' and to warn people away from anything that is 'crap'. However, I have concluded that this notion best applies when the commercial aspects of the product in question play a significant role in its presentation and availability to the general public. For example, a critic might be justified when pointing out that a given movie, CD, or book released under the auspices of a large corporation is not worth the cold cash required to purchase the item in question. Here the critic's blade has the edge of consumer advocacy and is a well-needed component of present-day music industry scripture. But that is not the situation here, where much of the product under consideration is not for sale and so does not represent an attempt to capture your limited financial resources. As well, since dozens of tapes are sent in to CTR every month, it is quite possible to ignore the bad ones and stick to discussing those that seem to have had some thought put into their conception and realization. Anyway, I've

gone on for a few hundred words without a single review, so enough winging and on with the tapes.

By the way, if you want your cassette reviewed or played on the air, just send it in by post. That isn't the only way to do it, though. One fellow named Peter simply walked up to Nordwuer at a recent CTR orgy (er, party) and gave him a 4-song demo by the Antecedents, his band. He was in from Coquitlam, and was once in a band called Brother Roundmouth. Crunchy guitar pop with these kind of grunted vocals. The songs are short and catchy and would probably sound good on CTR. That's intended as a compliment. At least it shows they're getting us out in Coquitlam.

I enjoy listening to the 3-song tape by **Joey**, last name Novak. The bio notes that she has played in punk and 'plovisibility' bands in Saskatoon and Vancouver, which to me shows a certain amount of integrity. She has a beautiful voice and the songs take advantage of this by allowing her rich melodies and larger-than-life refrains. Producer/guitarist Glen Stace sticks with the roots and gives the material a country-rock, Blue Rodeo-like twang. The first one, "Toxic Blush", is like a Cherry Blossom candy bar. But I like "I've Learned" more, with its clearly-phrased verse and explosive chorus describing love as an intellectual adventure of discovery.

They say they're only 18, all three of 'em, but **Celestial Magenta** have me suspicious (not seriously, though) that it's a reformation of Death in the Family-era Disfranch on cassette. Monika, Carla, and Linda have a strong debut 4-song tape on their hands. "Asleep" has a hypnotic but rising chorus whereas the first tune, "Wonder Why", has a classic punk/60's melody weaving throughout. Heavy giggling makes this new trio quite visible on the local scene, so you know what I mean when I say shit or grrr, off the pot.

Speaking of that classic punk ethos, that's precisely what you get with the three songs on **Von Klutz's** first solo tape. Johnny Von Klutz is the ex-bass player for the sorely-missed Spores, ex-medical research technician, expatriate Brit, and present-day father and Pender Island resident. Doing everything by himself, except where what I think is one of his kids chips in, it's evident that the London Spirit of '76 has never vacated the Von Klutz mortal coil. This ain't no rehash of days gone by, however. The soaring country-surf twang of "Lap of Luxury" lead guitar is fresh as anything around today. Basically, Mr. Von Klutz has collated upon his considerable punk experience to generate a little anarchy. 1995 style.

Well, I guess my review of their Prime Time Freak cassette wasn't enough for **Gloriosa**, because I've just received word they've broken up. The word came in the form of a 4-song demo from Bona-Fix, representing the first project to arise Phoenix-like from the ashes of Tam/Gloriosa. Great song titles here ("Headspace", "Echinacea", "Sister Grave Digger", and "Isabella Rossellini") and the music itself strives admirably for the same degree of cleverness. The jangly songs that typified Tam/Gloriosa are nowhere to found, replaced instead with a barren, minimalist edge. This guy's in no rut, and it's refreshing to hear someone inject some creative expression into the guitar/bass/drums format. Thumbs up.

Budget Rock Showcase sure sound like a vile clan of rockers on their 10-song self-titled cassette. Political Correctness is not the emphasis with these guys; I'd say their mission is to use controversial lyrics and butt-kicking rock songs to knock a few bricks out of the PC intellectual wall. "Body Tube" is a good example, as are "Cockroach" and "Cockfull o' Cum"; I wish I could include some quotes du paroles but, frankly, the recording quality precludes deciphering of most of what's going on. Musically, they try their hand at jockey punk à la My Dog Paper or the Mr. T. Experience, but I find I can do my most credible Beavis 'n' Butt-head impersonation when they're lampooning cock rock itself. It's been a long time since I rock-and-rolled.

Joy Buzzer have produced a solid first tape in their self-titled three-song demo. The first cut, "Mine", is an uptempo mouth-soundtrack where the vocalist sounds like the Larry Wallis' (evil)er twin. He still sounds like that on the next one, "Suffer", but the music itself moves away from a Pink Fannies vibe to a tortuous skacore shuffle. It's really not a bad song at all, and I wish there was room for both songs to be regularly rotated on CTR's playlist. Alas, because of the sheer volume of magnetic ribbon sent in to the station, only one song from each demo can be included on the playlist, and at the time of writing I am still flipping a coin in order to (a) choose a Joy Buzzer song and (b) show off my incredible wealth by appearing so wanton as to flip nickels around in public.

I gotta commend **More Socks** for having the foresight to include a bribe with their 6-song demo. This practice has always been encouraged (although it's not mandatory - yet) by CTR Music Directors

even if it's something as minor as, such as in this case, a Dairy Queen coin allowing the redeemer either a free sundae or 40¢ off any Royal Treat. I don't know if I have the stomach for those items (or if others would have the stomach for me after I break out after ingesting those goodies), but at least it's more insightful than Joy Buzzer, who expect me to come up with my own coin for flipping. Great demo - it's so "basement" it sounds like it was actually recorded underneath the foundation - with creative use of song structures and lyrics. "Bender" winds its course without much in the way of repeats, making it a sort of metal rhapsody in pussy-yellow. There's even a bonus cover of "Cars",

although it was retitled "Only Numon" with tactful apologies to the Human League.

Finally, let's have a look at what 1994 Shindig winners **Meowl** are up to with their latest recording, a 6-song demo called "What else? Meowl". Seems like they're already bored with their old sound, although boredom itself, in the form of a disaffected ennui communicated through the vocals, is still a characteristic of the Meowl style. "Car's Meow" and "Car's Bath" are much faster and raunchier than anything on their first tape. The Gramps-like lurch of "Nancy Song" makes me think it would be a live highlight, even though it's actually one of their longer songs. The only tune that seems

relatively unchanged, except for clearer vocals due to the improved fidelity of the recording (was there any call for that damn audiophile snob), is "Boy Groupies", despite the fact that I've heard 5th- or 6th-hand that the band wants the version presently on the playlist (from the old demo) switched to the new, improved, eat-your-heart-out-Pink-Floyd version on this tape. There's just no pleasing those musician types...

Well there you have it for another month. Support your local scene, go and see some gigs, pay if you have to, get some demos off the bands, listen to them if you have to, blah, blah, blah. I'll be out there, too, in the shit, as it were. I'll be the one flipping Dairy Queen tokens around.

The Minstrels



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THE MCCRACKINS

Who are you and what do you do?

Bill McRackin plays guitar and sings, Fil McRackin plays bass and sings, and the newest addition, our brother, the baryard dog, Spot, is on drums and one liners. (He's half Dalmatian, half human.)

Describe your sound in 24 words or less.

Bubble-punk, buzzsaw, rip roarin', three chords a la Ramones, Candyass schlock rock, wimp pop big pop, industrial metal porn-core, power glam sneeze sound. Whoops, that's 25 words. Please don't punish us.

The McRackins came out of nowhere...well, not really. We heard that some McRackins members were involved in Vancouver glam bands. C'mon, be honest... To be honest, we were all involved in L.A. glam bands. The McRackins are 2/3 Theatre of Pain era Mötley Crüe and 1/3 Poison. And if you describe glam as wearing make-up, then yes, Mr. Man, that would make the McRackins the undisputed kings of glam, would it not?

So, what did come first?

Well, honestly, we don't really have a clue. We think it was the chicken, but it could have been the egg, it all depends on who you talk to. But we leave that question open in hope that someone can give us hard evidence supporting one or the other.

Now that Tommy the Chicken has left the band and been replaced by Spot the Dog, isn't the whole chicken and egg schtick sort of lost?

No way, we're still eggs and always will be, but now we have a sort of security guard for the Hen Hut so that, like in our song, we don't get "Robbed" again. Good old Spot, he's the best guard dog there is.



Have you ever been mistaken for the Rankin Family? How about Furnaceface?

No, but we do get mistaken for that Van Dyke family on a regular basis. And believe it or not we collectively get mistaken for Tim Allen from *Home Improvement* even more so. And how about Furnaceface, we'd like to meet them and challenge them to a game of Operation. And just for the record, we wouldn't mind kickin' Harry Rankin's miserable sorry ass.

Will you ever, like Kiss, become unmasked and ditch the chicken and egg trip?

Nah, why should we? It's worked so far. Like the old saying goes, "Why fix something if it isn't broken?" And if we did unmask, it probably wouldn't be the same. We get away with a lot of stuff because no one really knows who we are, and it gives us a sense of almost being invincible, like no one can touch us.

What's better - KFC, Brownies or Churches?

Definitely not KFC, they're the reason Tommy is no longer with us anymore. But wait a minute, what kind of question is that anyway - you honestly think we would eat our own kind? We are not cannibals.

What's the first gig you ever went to?

Bill: Air Supply with my dad at the Orpheum in Vancouver sometime in the '70s. They influenced a generation!

Fil: Billy Idol at the War Memorial Gym at UBC.

Spot: Kiss at the Coliseum on the *Dynasty* tour.

How many demo tapes did you send out? How many responses did you get?

We sent out around 70 tapes and got responses from maybe ten of those. But when you see that six out of ten are releasing something by us, it really looks pretty good. We are very pleased with the response, we were just hoping to get even one response. It just shows you, if you get off your butt and really put some effort into what you believe in, things can really happen.

Were you surprised that Shredder Records, original home of newly signed Gaffin artists Jawbreaker, picked you up?

Totally surprised. We were thinking it would be real cool to maybe have a label put out a 7" or something, then Mel at Shredder offers to put out a whole CD and a video, etc. It just blew us away that someone liked our songs as much as we do, and believes in us.

How do you know the White Trash Debutantes? Have you ever had a sexual encounter with a member of the White Trash Debutantes?

We met the Debutantes at last year's Music West conference. We have since played with them again at the Town Pump and frequently talk to Ginger Coyote on the phone. She's really cool. We hope to play with the them again at Music West '95. As far as sexual encounters go, the closest thing to that with them is they're always pinching us and rubbing our heads, and one time Ginger whipped us.

Do you get a better sonic result from smashing guitars or jumping up and down on them?

The sonic possibilities from smashing and jumping up and down on your guitars are endless, but the actual justification of doing it is still a mystery to us. We don't know why we do it, really. We just do. All the excitement of the moment just makes us crazy and it just seems to happen. We seem to have Timex guitars, they take a lickin' and keep on tickin'. But seriously kids, don't try this at home, the damage you can cause is just mind blowing!

Can true love be found at the end of a 1-900 call?

Due to the fact that this information could incriminate us, we have decided not to comment on the subject.

What's the most important thing we should know about your band?

That in six months time the entire human race will succumb to our hypnotic effect and worship us like the gods that we are. But seriously, we are a 'real' band and we mean business, so come on, have a heart and give us a gig that pays more than five bucks.

Discography:

Eggs in Space - 20 song demo (Ridge Records - out of print); Impact Music compilation one song; Closet Rock compilation one song; *What Came First?* Shredder Records; split LP with White Trash Debutantes (Heller Skeller); split 7" with Fighting Cause (Last Resort Records); "Giet Crackin'" 7" (Wallabies Records); *Stiff Pole*

INTERVIEW

Records compilation (four songs); *Spinnin' the Chamber* compilation two songs - Last Resort Records); *Wade Free Everywhere* compilation (two songs - Schuff); Homeless Benefit compilation (one song - Looney Tunes); Kiss Tribute 7" (one song - Black Coffee).

The McRackins can be contacted at: The Hen Hut 237-117 St. Delta, BC V4C 6B6

THE MINSTRELS

Who are you and what do you do?

Dave: We are Nick, Dave and Jorge.

Nick: We play guitar, drums, bass.

Jorge: We are a 'beat' group and we make music to dance and sing to.

Nick: Are we not human? Jorge: No, we are Minstrels! For yesterday and today, tomorrow and always.

Describe your sound.

Jorge: We sing in both official languages with a sound deeply influenced by early sixties pop rock. We love vocal harmonies and stylish surfy guitar solos. Our favourite musical period extends from 1954 to 1966 and although we're open to other influences, the core of our sound has been orbiting at those altitudes for all our past recordings.

Where and when did the band form?

Quebec: In Quebec City 1986. We used to go to St. Charles Garnier, one of those old style boys' schools. We were fed up with hanging around with guys only and wearing silly school uniforms, so we got the band together and started playing local dances and weddings with our garage sounds.

Dave: Eventually we met Sue Foley. She was only 19 or so and was already touring the whole continent. She came to Quebec and we spent about two weeks of very 'educational' partying. That was in the summer of '88, and by the end of the year we opened for Buckwheat Zydeco, who introduced us to our first agent ever. We toured a lot in '89 and *Come Out to Play* was released in early '90.

Why did you decide to relocate to Vancouver? Has the

transition been difficult?

Nick: Well, we tired of touring surrounded by snow, ice and cold weather, which effects your personality after a while. And we are Minstrels, which means traveling musician. The Gruesomes told us the west coast rules, so we thought why not, that could be a thrill. Unfortunately we missed the last earthquake, but we hope to be there for the next big party.

Jorge: As far as the transition being difficult, yes it was. I think any important change carries a certain amount of difficulty, but that's why you give yourself the challenge in the first place. If it's too easy it gets boring. Coming here was really fun. We love the West.

The Minstrels used to sing in French, and now you sing in English - correct? Did you have to write all new songs or were your songs easy to translate?

Dave: Not correct. The Minstrels always sang in both official languages and we never translate songs. It just doesn't seem to work that way 'cause music and words come at the same time. Jorge: Peter Zotsky from CBC Morningside asked me what exactly makes me choose between one or the other language. It's a question a lot of people ask me; well, I don't really choose, it comes in one or the other, it's not a conscious choice like, 'Hey, today I'm doing two in English and three in French.'

What's the best thing about French Canada?

Nick: One of the coolest things is that there are a lot of cool French bands that go to Quebec. But I think the best thing is 'poutine': french fries with gravy sauce and melted cheese. Dave: Montreal is a really cool town to check out in the summer. Lotsa life, lotsa parties. The night clubs are open later, you can buy beer at a corner store and when summer comes, man, people are really happy!

What's the best thing about English Canada?

Nick: Well, for me the best thing is that I don't really know it. I mean, every day I meet different people, I go to new places, learn weird expressions and, most important, I learn how to charm English girls. You might



find it funny, but there's a real difference. I like the fact that we can easily go to California from here and that there's no big cold winter. It's way less stressful. Dave: British Columbia. No joke, overall it's the best place in the country. If we could just keep those clubs open a bit longer, this place would be up there! There is also an actual music scene here, which is a good thing to have.

Do you have any good Mitsou stories?

Jorge: Her first single was really cool and different from the turgid car on Quebec's airwaves. To tell you the truth, I used some of her ideas in *Saint Laurent Des Pins*, like the end on "Les Grands Mechants Loups" and the bass line for "Les Enfants Gâtés". Later, I saw her at the John Lee Hooker show at the Spectrum and it really surprised me 'cause I thought Mitsou and John Lee. No! But she really liked it. I bet she's much more than what we know from the media. We were on the same flight when we came to Vancouver for the Juno awards in '91. All the Quebecois were staying at the Hotel Vancouver. We met Nardwaur and I noticed him with Mitsou. I don't know what he did to her, but I don't see her much at all since that

HELL

time...Thanks Narduar!

Where did you meet Jonathan Richmond?

Dave: Jorge and I met Jonathan at Club Soda in Montreal in May of '89. Ruben Fogel makes him play his club once a year and we're all big Jonathan fans, so we drove down from Quebec City to see his show. At the end of his performance he just sat down by the side of the stage and we casually started chatting with him. At the time, The Minstrels were in the making of *Come Out To Play* and we told him we'd send him a copy.

Jorge: He really dug it and invited us to play on numerous occasions, like last week at the Starfish Room and at the Backstage in Seattle. It's always a great pleasure and privilege to play with such an amazing human being.

Nick: The first time I met him it was in a small gold mining town in northern California. He was waiting for us in an old saloon on Main Street called the Nevada Club. I felt I was in a movie with the coolest character I've ever seen.

Did you really tour France with the Stray Cats?

George: It was 1992 and our video "Les Enfants Gates" was on high rotation on Musique Plus. French promoter Francois Pinard came to Quebec for Les Francofolies Music Festival to introduce the French band Niagara. err...doesn't sound very French, right? Anyway, he had seen our video on TV and ended up at the show. He talked to our agent about us playing in France opening for the Rita Mitsouka tour. That fell through, 'cause instead of touring they went for detox in Switzerland, so at the last minute we landed the Stray Cats bill. They have a huge following in the EEC, but we only played in France 'cause we didn't have a release in the other countries at that point. But we got to spend two weeks in Paris. It was a fantastic experience. Europe is great, I love it. If only they could leave the baby fish alone.

What are the ex-Minstrels doing?

Dave: In the ex-files we have: A) Craig Bennicke: After God told him that the Devil was in our hand, he gave his life to Jesus and his new Rickenbacker 12 string guitar to TV preacher Robert Tilton.

B) Andrew McNeil: One day on tour Andrew went to the bathroom. We heard a blood curling scream and when we ran in the to find out what had happened, he was gone... C) Greg Watson: Just moved to Vancouver from Kingston, Ontario. Plays with the Fiends. D) Victor Michel: Still writes songs for the Minstrels and works with us in the studio. Also plays with Sugar Candy Mountain.

Discography:

1990: *Come Out To Play* (What Wave Records)
1991: *Single* (Anaba Music)
1992: *St-Laurent Des Pins* (Anaba Music)
1995: *Ev'ry Which Way* (Anaba Pacific)

The Minstrels can be contacted at:
Anaba Pacific
331-309 West Cordova St.
Vancouver, BC
V6B 1E5

THE MYSTERONS

Who are you and what do you do in your band?

Schatzie Boneside: guitar, bass, percussion, whoops 'n' hollers, excessive drinking.
Mr. Fist: guitar, organ, bass, sound FX, sexual deviancy.
Jimmy Suede: drums, percussion, skin flute, drug testing.

Describe your sound in 25 words or less.

Imagine an exotic tropical island with smoky lounges and sequined altars or damp grave-stones at night echoing manic carnivals. It's Vegas trash surfin' on a hillbilly rocket!

Are there any progressive surf bands?

Boneside: I didn't know there was such a thing.
Fist: Most of the bands I've heard are only interested in nostalgia and revivalism, which is all about looking backward. Dick Dale still looks forward, but he seems to be the exception.

Are you a wordless band?

Fist: I assume you're referring to "vocals". Most of the time, yes. There aren't that many good singers out there and even fewer who don't make me sick when I hear what they have to say. I like "found" voices. They are much easier to manipulate and they don't have egos.

Boneside: We haven't found a vocalist with enough balls.

Is surf music the gateway to the soul?

Fist: Well, that depends upon what/whose soul you're talking about. The term "surf" is limited. It takes more than one ingredient to make a tasty meal. All roads lead to Rome.

Boneside: I think the drive-thru window is the gateway to the soul.

What is the connection between The Mysterons and the organ?

Boneside: Whose organ are you talking about?

Fist: The electric organ is based upon the acoustic pipe organ which, in turn, has it's roots in the pan pipe or flute. The pan pipe is traditionally associated with the Greek god of the same name. To the Greeks, Pan was the great creator of All and was considered beyond comprehension (a very 'mysterious' character). Modern Western traditions have corrupted Pan into the familiar image of the Devil, yet he has maintained that same 'mysterious' quality. The organ has a long tradition of association with religion, insanity and immortality (i.e. Vincent Price as The Abominable Dr. Phibes). What good's a church without an organ?

Do tweeting birds put you in touch with your creator?

Fist: Tweeting birds make me want to fire up the ol' BBQ.

Is the apocalypse inevitable? Can you give us any advice as to how to avoid it?

Boneside: Yes. Move to Las Vegas.

Fist: Fuck the apocalypse. It's just a publicity stunt.

thing we should know about your hand?

The disease is spreading. Nothing you do can stop it. WE ARE THE MYSTERONS! WE ARE YOUR MASTERS! YOU MUST OBEY!

The Mysterons can be contacted at:
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by Vince Yeh

Maceo Parker



James Cleaver was the first one to put in all these complicated arrangements in gospel music...

Yeah, yeah. Al Green did a gospel album that I liked, Aretha did one that I liked, but I think that if I had to choose it's probably James Cleaver. And the Dixie Hummingbirds and Mighty Clouds of Joy were all pretty cool.

On your album, how do you decide what songs you want to put on it? You cover a wide array of songs, like Curtis Mayfield and Joe Zawinul.

Whoever feels good to me. Whoever feels good, whatever's comfortable, that's how I choose.

How do you like working with new artists, like De la Soul or Dese-lite, people like that?

There was a time when we looked for that kind of stuff to do - outside work. And while we were at that stage it was very interesting to do that, to get other ideas, to see how other people do it. Now we're a lot busier and we don't have a lot of time to do outside stuff, so we have to kind of shy away from that. There's not enough time. We're to a point now where we wish we could do more work, but we just can't.

What's your take on sampling in music?

I don't like sampling. I think it's better that the artist or the producer or whoever else is putting the music together just have the people come in and actually play. I don't like sampling. I think that's stealing.

What's next for you? Are you going to record?

Yeah, we're just beginning to come up with ideas for recording. The next project is going to be a funky album, a CD aimed for the younger set, the younger crowd, you know, sort of like we had here [at the Commodore]. We're going to do some rap stuff and maybe some hip-hop jazz rather than the heavy jazz and all that. Then we'll continue touring throughout the world and maybe we can open up some new avenues, maybe go to China, somewhere like that. Somewhere where we haven't been. This is what we're looking forward to.

and that's what he is.

Seems like the Parliament is much looser. Exactly. Exactly.

So, when you were with James Brown, did you come up with all the horn lines, or does he do that?

No, no, I didn't go over all the horn lines. When I was first hired I used to come up with baritone lines. He gave me the freedom to play what I liked, to play what I wanted for baritone. But as a section he would sort of dictate the horn lines [to us]. That became customary a lot of times with James Brown - he would just dictate a lot of the horns. And not only the horns part, he'd try to come up with what the guitar should sound like, what the drummer should do, this kind of thing.

So he sort of composes everything. Exactly.

You cover a Winan's song on your last album. Do you like contemporary gospel?

I like all music. From time to time, I listen to a lot of gospel music. That's the kind of music I listened to as a child, as I was coming up as a teenager. I was brought up in the church, and any time I'm thinking of home and my family, my mother and father, I listen to gospel music. I like all that music.

Who's your favourite gospel singer?

It was James Cleaver, probably still is. I like James Cleaver, I think probably 'cause my father did. I love to hear Aretha sing gospel, too.

you got three brains working. It's going to make it different because the access and all that stuff are going to be different. When you have one guy playing the stick, just because it's New Orleans style it's just different. It's almost

That's the way it's different from, say, somebody playing from North Carolina or maybe New York.

Everyone knows that you worked with James Brown for a long time, but you also contributed substantially to George Clinton's music. How did you and George first hook up?

Well, George had made a name for himself a while back and he had a lot of followers. He sort of knew of me through Bootsy [Collins] and Bootsy worked with James Brown for awhile, but not the same time I was there. It came a time when it was just common for me to work with James Brown, but during a time when I was away from James, Bootsy told George that I was away and he just thought, 'Hey, you know, if we got Maceo and Fred [Wesley], maybe they can contribute their side of funk. And it worked. I'm very proud of the time that I spent with George Clinton and Bootsy.

How do you see George and James differently in terms of their styles?

James is like a polished Mercedes, just washed and cleaned and shined and waxed and all of that. Ready to go and ready to be showcased. George is like a '57 Chevy: it's vintage, it's a classic, but it's a '57. And it may not necessarily come from out of the car wash, you know, but it's going to get you there and it'll be funky and that's the way George is. He has his own style, his own approach, and he doesn't care too much about the polished side of it. He just wants to be good and funky

"Everybody wants to party and everybody wants to have fun!"

To work with Rebirth was a suggestion from the producer, a guy by the name of Stephen Minor. We were in New Orleans to do *Southern Exposure* and he knew Rebirth was there, so he just said hey, why don't we have those guys come down. We'll listen to them, try some things, hear the words of it, like that. And that's how the Rebirth became part of *Southern Exposure*.

New Orleans music is very unique. How do you distinguish their kind of funk with other types?

The way I see it, it's almost like preparing food. You're going to make some spicy, some not so spicy; some hot, some not so hot. But it could be the same food, it's just prepared differently. It's the same thing with music or the New Orleans approach to funk, or funky music, or any music as far as that matters. The New Orleans way was the way that I wanted for *Southern Exposure*, and that's the reason we decided to go there. It was different, it's almost a parade sort of cadence that the drummer has when he plays, and I like that. That was the approach that I wanted to use for *Southern Exposure*.

Rhythmically speaking, how is the drum in a marching band so different from the drum in other kinds of bands?

Well, it's different because you have, say with the Rebirth people, you got one cat playing brass symbols, you got another guy playing the snare drum, you got another guy playing the bass drum, so it's going to be three of you and that's going to mean

like a parade sound and cadence, like when you march down the street. Chi-cha-cho-cho-cho-cho. That's the way it's played.

Marching.

Yeah, marching, exactly.

Mention the word "FUNK" and, invariably, one conjures up the sound of music accented with heavy back beats, groovy bass lines, and syncopated guitar twangs. However, funk music can not be complete without a soaring horn section, and Maceo Parker has been the center of the funk revolution in the area of horn playing. Ever since he left James Brown's band in 1984, Maceo has brought his saxophone playing into the limelight with remarkable recordings such as *Roots Revisited* and *Life on Planet Groove*. On his latest recording, *Southern Exposure*, he adds some New Orleans flavor to his dynamic evolution of instrumental funk. I spoke to Maceo in the lounge at the Commodore Ballroom after his two hour long concert, which was extremely well received by a roomful of dancing funksters.

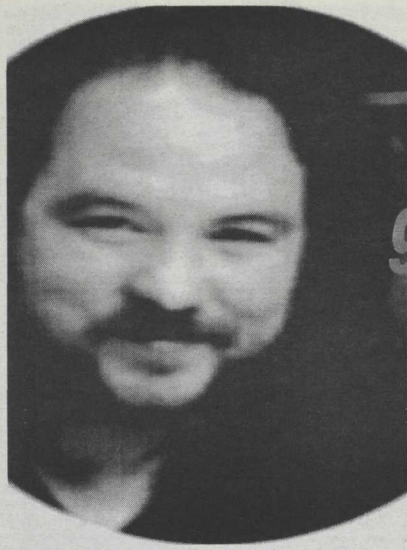
Well, Maceo, first of all, thank you for showing us a good time.

Maceo: [laughing] It's a pleasure.

During the concert you invited members of the audience to rap and dance on stage with the band. Were you surprised by how talented some of the audience members are?

No, I'm not surprised. I think what we're witnessing throughout the world now - it seems that everybody can feel the funk, everybody can feel the music, everybody can feel the rhythm. Everyone wants to party and everybody wants to have fun.

How did you decide to work with Rebirth Brass Band?



In town recently to promote his latest film *Dance Me Outside*, Canada's premiere rock'n'roll road movie maker spoke with *Discorder's* resident film guru Tania Bolskaya about his first non-road movie, the state of Canadian independent film, and the most expensive movies ever made...

getting down with interview by tania bolskaya Bruce McDonald

I am here with Bruce McDonald, Canadian independent film auteur. Hello...

Hi. That's a very impressive kind of phrase - auteur.

Well, it's just one of those pat phrases you have when you talk about films a lot. So, you're Canadian, you're independent - is there a feeling of togetherness within the Canadian independent film scene? A willingness to share?

There has to be, because so often you have really scant resources. So you knock heads every once in a while to talk about how you could share your knowledge, your history of how to get something done. You just trade stuff, and that's how things get done. It's quite handy - maybe it's become a little too incestuous, but that's why it's great that there are new people coming out on the scene.

You started as a film editor. Did you go to school to learn how to edit?

Yeah. Well, they didn't really teach me how to edit in school. I remember seeing a lot of films, which I thought was great because I basically grew up on horror movies and Clint Eastwood movies - the Sergio Leone movies I really loved. And when I went to film school I realized, 'Oh, there's films from Spain, France, Italy, Norway, really hardcore experimental stuff, really great impressionistic, just wild drug films. That was the best thing about film school, that it taught me that, well, there are no rules. But I really learned editing trying out experiments on my friends' films.

How did you hook up with Atom Egoyan and start editing his films?

He was one of those test cases, originally, 'cause he knew less than me about cutting. He didn't know how to work a splicer or anything. He was coming to film through his writing; he wrote some little stage plays in university and stuff. So my friend Peter [Møller], who is also a filmmaker, he would shoot and Atom would direct his film, and I would cut them. Then we'd sort of switch places and I would help Peter cut his film, Atom might help with the writing, then Peter would shoot my film. So it was sort of like being in a band or something, everybody doing double duty on each other's stuff.

Your latest film, *Dance Me Outside*, is a much more mainstream film. It would be much more accessible to somebody like my dad than *Highway 61* or *Roadkill*. Is that a reflection of you learning your craft even more, the literary source that you took the film from, or the fact that Norman Jewison and Cineplex are executive producers of your film?

All those things in a way. The nature of the story is about a community, specifically, it's about these teenage boys who are just trying to get it together with their girlfriends trying to keep them on at least somewhat of a path. But because it is about a community rather than a road trip, I think that people like your dad, or my grandmother, would like the film because it's not just an isolated teenage adventure. It's more that they're plugged into this community.

Why did you choose this particular project to follow up *Highway 61*?

I wanted to do something radically different from what I'd done before. I think the more that I can challenge myself and challenge different subject matters, or different ways of working, I think it makes me grow into an artist of some sort. I like the fact that it was about Indians, teenage kids, but it was a comedy. It wasn't some polemic, earnest political tract or something that was issue driven, or symbol driven. It's about people. When it comes down to it, it's about birth, death, love - very elemental things.

Also what attracted me to the project was the women in this story. The movie is told more through the eyes of this young man, but the story is about how the women in his life - his girlfriend, his girlfriend's friends, his mother, this older woman - his confidant, she's kind of like a medicine woman - it's about

ment of society that is no doubt going to criticize you for being a white man telling a predominantly native story?

Oh I hope I get shit. Jesus, if I don't I'll think there's something wrong with people. I mean, to me, the colour of somebody's skin doesn't matter too much, but for some people it is a big issue. I hope I can get into a dialogue with them, I hope that they can publish letters to the editor, I hope that they can get their voices heard, because that's what it's all about. This film is about acting as a catalyst to raise some issues about love, about justice, about what's going on in 'our home and native land'. If the movie can act as a catalyst and create new dialogue and get some people angry, excellent, that's what I'm hoping for.

When you were filming, did you ever have to stop yourself from second-guessing yourself? How is this going to look to the audience? Am I depicting these people as too soft or too hard?

I was sure of the track we were going on, but a lot of the people around me would say, 'You know Bruce, I don't think you should do this film, you being an Anglo-Saxon guy and all.' Or they would say, 'I don't think

"Oh I hope I get shit. Jesus, if I don't I'll think there's something wrong with people."

how these women affect him, maybe make him grow up a little bit.

My only hope with this film, if there's any sort of political agenda, is that, hopefully, your dad and kids from West Vancouver or Scarborough can fall in love with these characters, and maybe the next time they read the paper they're just a little bit more open or sympathetic to what's going down in this country. In the end, if it's not motivated by love then it's really not worth doing. I ended up falling in love with this place and with these actors, who I think are just fantastic. They're all young actors of varying degrees of experience, but I learned a lot from them.

Are you willing to take any criticism from the seg-

these teenage guys should be seen drinking beer in this movie. I think we want to put up a more positive role-model for the youth of this nation'. I would consider it for a minute, and then just keep on going. But I did have to deal with a lot of this anxiety, and a lot of it came from white people more than Indian people. I don't know if the white people think that they're sort of adopted these people as their pet project, but in my book a human being is a human being. To draw any picture of somebody you need to show a bit of the bad and a bit of the good, and not try to have people become symbols of some ideal. It was more about trying to portray



some sort of semi-realistic characters, and in the end I just listened to my guts and did what I wanted. And I had a lot of input from a great cast, and the community that we shot in. Both the chiefs and the band councils were really supportive and totally into the whole idea, so that was really encouraging as well.

This film had a budget of around \$2 million and Highway 61 was about \$1 million. Do you feel twice the pressure to make sure this film pays off at the box office?

No. To me, anything over \$100 is completely abstract. People talk about having money but really most people don't have it, they just have pieces of paper and ideas about wealth. You hope that your investors will make their money back so they'll give you more money again the next time, but really, nobody knows if it's going to make a lot of money. And I mean, \$2 million is nothing, it's a drop in the bucket. The average American film is twenty, twenty five million dollars, so most films that you see on the screen spend at least twice, three times the budget we had for production just on promotion. They'll spend five million dollars just promoting the movie.

You know what I just learned the other day that really made me laugh was that Heaven's Gate, the biggest bomb of all time, cost \$36 million. And that's compared to what? \$100 million for the Flintstones?

Well, in 1977 dollars or whenever it was made, so maybe it would be double or triple that now. Apparently, if you worked it all out in terms of what the dollar was worth in the



"The best thing about film school is that it taught you that, well, there are no rules."

fifties or whenever it was compared to now, the most expensive film ever

made was Cleopatra, with Elizabeth Taylor. At the time it was made it was like \$20 million or something and that was in the late fifties or early sixties. If you translate those dollars into today's it actually turns out to be \$210 million.

I guess for the two egos it purchased it was worth it.

But actually, *Dance Me Outside* did cost \$200 million - I forget to add in my salary.

Speaking of hyped salaries, you took the film to Sundance [Film Festival], down there in Utah. Did you feel like a Canadian, provincial kind of guy wandering around with all these American filmmakers? Especially in today's market where indie American is going big.

It's going big, but the surprising thing was that the Canadian films for the most part were hands above the American independent stuff in terms of the production values, what they were about and what they were trying to do. The Canadian films went off really well; the people were knocked out. The interesting thing is that there were over 300 feature length films screened for preselection for Sundance, and they only picked, I think, eighteen films, eight-

een independent American films, and they picked ten Canadian films. So, it's pretty good odds. Head to head, we're just clobbering them.

Do you think there's a place in Hollywood for independent Canadian directors?

Oh God, it's a piece of cake dealing with those guys.

If you want to waltz down there and make a movie with a \$10 million budget...

Oh yeah. It's not a problem. It's not that difficult to walk down there and get that money to make a film. It's just a matter of [having] a saleable idea, like Richard Linklater with his new movie *[Before Sunrise]*. You know, two big names and a pretty good story. As a Canadian independent, if you can put something like that together it can be done. Or if you want to direct American shock, that can be done too. But what Atom and a number of people in Canada have been trying to do is tell their own stories, and now we're starting to figure out the marketplace. Maybe the next movies, to get that five or ten million dollars, maybe you'll start to see more 'stars' in Canadian films. Hollywood is an option, for sure, or we might go to Paris or Berlin to get our money. In terms of its financing possibilities and its star system, film seems to be much more international than it was twenty years ago.

Would you ever consider hiring name actors? I mean, there are hardly any Canadian name actors who haven't gone American...

Oh yeah. Someone like Gary Oldman would be fantastic to work with, and Drew Barrymore would be a riot. There are some great Canadian actors that I would like to work with, but people don't know their names as well as they do the American actors. But yeah, you want to mix it up a bit. I want to work with really talented, dedicated people. There's a lot of great talent in the States. Actually, we've been doing some casting out in Vancouver for our new project and we saw some amazing actors here. I hate to say this about Toronto, but the Vancouver casting session was much more exciting than Toronto.

So what do you have on your plate next?

A couple things. One is a film called *Yummy Fur: The Adventures of Ed the Happy Clown*, and that's based on the comic book of the same name by a guy named Chester Brown. We're raising the loot right now, and that's going pretty well. Another project which I'm excited about is based on a chronicle of a band called Hardcore Logo, a Vancouver band that was pretty popular in its day in the early eighties. Michael Turner has written a book about the band called *Hardcore Logo*, and we're going to shoot the band. They're doing a little reunion tour, starting in Vancouver and going to Calgary, Regina, Winnipeg - the classic Western tour. So we're going to be there April, gearing up for the Hardcore Logo Tour '95.

You definitely going to be known as a road movie maker after that.

Oh yeah. But *Hardcore Logo* will sort of to finish off the trilogy. This should put the cap on the road movie thing.



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(royal trux)

(xurT J6x0r)



ROYAL TRUX WAS BORN IN 1987 AMDIST THE INFAMOUS AND notorious career of Pussy Galore. Neil Hagerty and Jennifer Herrema's first collaboration, entitled "Fix it", appeared on the Pussy Galore album *Right Now*, and during Neil's disappearance from that band, the first eponymously titled Royal Trux album appeared. Drag City Records was formed around their second release, *Twin Infinitives*, an album that is as dense and difficult as it is rewarding. A second eponymous album followed, recorded for a mere \$150, and in 1993 *Cats and Dogs* was released, indicating the band's move towards a fuller and more conventional sound. Royal Trux's latest release, *Thank You*, finds them signed to corporate spectre Virgin Records and operating as a full band rather than just as the sole expression of its enigmatic founders.

We called Royal Trux at their Virginia home and spoke with Neil Hagerty. Talking to him left us with the impression that he could only express half of what he was thinking, that he was jumping around from idea to idea due to the limitations of language. Neil seemed to be the kind of person for whom language is not a wide enough means to express his ideas.

interview by lester & siobhan

Discorder: What is Royal Trux?

Neil: It's the name of our band.

But isn't it more than that? You said Royal Trux was a ride, a trip.

When did I say that?

In the numerable interviews that you gave.

Ahhh, I must have had a lot of coffee or something. I mean, whatever, did you get that film?

The What is Royal Trux? video? Yeah.

'Cause that's a joke, it's like, just a band. These days you need a justification just to play music so you have to make up a lot of crap.

Are you bothered by people constantly talking about your deconstructionist take on the Rolling Stones?

It's better then saying that we aped them. At least for my own ego, so people realize we are not mindless rock.

You actually got to meet Keith Richards didn't you?

Yeah, I met him briefly. He just comes off totally real, which is admirable. He's just this British guy who undertook making millions of dollars playing American blues music. And it's so preposterous, he has that air about him. It's so ridiculous, he constantly has an amazed look on his face. He can't believe all the stuff that is going on around him. It was really weird. I pulled out a cigarette and the minute he saw an unlit cigarette he whipped out a lighter. He would light everyone's cigarettes for them.

He was a gentleman.

Yeah, he was, he was very polite. He's got this Britishness about him, but he looks like some god awful bum from New Orleans.

What's the function of a full band in Royal Trux?

Well, now we've trimmed down from five members to four. Everybody in the band has their job to do and you can't mess with the other person. The idea is to have a band where everybody is equal. I think with a lot of bands it's usually just one person. I mean, we [Neil and Jennifer] write the songs and that's the only concept of the band, basically. It's like this is the band in which we write the songs and not the band that dresses up like marions. And that's it. We had this other guy who was playing percussion, but his was a light contribution and he wasn't carrying his weight as an equal member, so instead of changing around to accommodate him, we jettisoned him. Jennifer and me, we've always been equal—that's why it's always been the two of us. It's been hard to get people into it, because they're always third or fourth members. The function of the band, to me, is a

metaphor for different social arrangements. That's when it really works well, jazz a lot of the times it's really equal, but in rock it's generally hierarchical. We don't want to be like that.

In your live shows do you strive for spontaneity? Do you try to fuck things up a bit?

No, it just happens. That's the way we write the songs, where everything is sorta planned out. But once we're on stage everything just kinda goes, it's sorta like striving for spontaneity is an oxymoron.

But you're free to move around within the songs.

It's weird, we just did a TV show in England and it was live and not lip synch. They were talking about it like it was a good thing, how they let you play live, and I was like, 'Oh man, we'd much rather lip synch. It's so much easier to make all that matters is how you look. And that's the important thing on TV, especially in pop music in England. They couldn't believe I said that, but the truth is we couldn't have done it because our music is so... what's on the record would be almost impossible for us to play along with perfectly. The beats move around a lot in the songs.

It seems to me that Royal Trux does have an aesthetic of sorts, though it's not the same, and it's not consistent.

It's not consistent in terms of how we present ourselves. Materially, it's really inside, the things we like and don't like. But that's not all that generates the things we do. We don't always do what we like. Sometimes we do what we don't like 'cause it's something that you have to do.

In a lot of the songs you do the words aren't completely distinguishable, you can catch phrases here and there. Is that a desired effect?

Well no, it's a process. All the songs are written so we can sing them from the paper with an acoustic guitar and feel comfortable with it. Then Jennifer takes it over, and when she's singing she starts changing the song. She phrases it differently and sometimes she changes words to fit the music as it changes during rehearsals. But at some point it has got to seem real. I mean, when you hear "18 and Life", the Skid Row song, the desired effect of that song is to project a real face and to touch this mass. We like to work the other way, to feed a mass communication concept touch us inside. It's all external input. We don't have to desire to project—the concept feeds into us, and then we take it and it just turns into music. But it's two levels, and that's why we did covers, like the Peel Sessions. We did the theme from *MASH* for the first one, and we cut out a verse 'cause it seemed stupid. We both sing, and that's real cool too 'cause the lines feed off each other and are interwoven in different ways. But we're not trying to be purposely obscure. It's really frustrating—to use "18 and Life" again, that song seems so direct, but really in the end it leaves me so empty. We have an aesthetic based on that contradiction: When you look at it closely, it's a person talking to you it's hollow, yet it

feels so good.

The words function to propel the music along.

Yeah, and yet that guy Sebastian Bach can lean forward and just say them with such conviction! Jennifer has a lot of conviction in her voice. I try to, in the tone of my voice, [but] I rely on that contradiction more. I don't quite believe in what I'm saying. That's why she's the lead singer, because that voice is supposed to be stronger. But in the end our songs on paper, the acoustic demo versions of the songs, all make sense. They're not about trying to reach out, they're about what's reaching in to us from the outside.

So you're internalizing?

Yeah, what is possible to internalize. Like, I was on this plane and these guys were getting drunk and they were hassling the stewardess. It was really annoying, yet I felt like a wimp. Everybody who flies coach, it's like a manly thing to do 'cause it's sort of dangerous or something. So, I don't know, I might write a song about that, but it won't have anything to do with the actual situation. It's just that feeling. Rather than saying when you're eighteen it's like a jail sentence, yeah that's a great idea, let's write a song about that and speak for all those people - we would never want to do that. But people are always thinking about us as being willfully obscure.

It was (producer) David Briggs' idea to record you guys live, wasn't it? And it was your first time doing it?

I think so, but in a lot of ways all our stuff is live, even though it happened at different times. David totally controlled the recording process. We were there, but after a while we got so bored because he was moving all the knobs and we left. We came back and heard it and it just sounded like us. It was great.

Why did you call the album *Thank You*?

It's this story. We went to get our car fixed and when you pay, you gotta pick it up, get the keys, and you don't see anybody. Then you go into the car and they have this little card in the visor and it says 'Thank you' in these nice letters. So it was kind of detached, like when they put all these stickers over everything. 'We sincerely apologize for any inconvenience'. Super polite corporate fakeness.

Or when you rent a video and there's a happy face that says 'Be kind Rewind'.

Exactly. And then if you don't they charge you. It's the 'Have a nice day' deal.

What's the song the "Sewers of Mars" about?

It's about vulnerability to spiritualism and superstition and lottery. If someone's from the sewer, if this person is so low, they're from the sewers of mars. It's something that happened to me: I met this person, his wife died of cancer, a prolonged, protracted disease. And then this woman, she was a medium, she glommed on to him. I went to their house to party with them and he had this cane in the corner that his wife had left from when she left the hospital and finally passed away. So when I got wasted, I picked it up and he got really hurt. I guess it mentions that.

Do you see any bands around that have been influenced by Royal Trux?

No, not yet. There's a problem with our earlier records, it gives people the wrong idea: A lot of drugs and you too can do this.

It seems that you dismiss your earlier albums.

Yeah, I guess. In terms of putting out a record, you go through all this stuff and everyone asks you about it, so the thing that is good for me to do is to dismiss those records and concentrate on this record. 'Cause I'm really just promoting this record. That is the truth of the matter, it's the only thing that matters. The reason is, I don't want anybody to get the idea that we demand that you know our complete library. You only have to get this record because you like this record. I've been going out of my way to try to dispel all this orgy bogs myths that harbour around us generally. We've always just wanted to be a band that makes interesting records that you can keep without them dying on you.

Who's Yin Jim that you mentioned on *Twin Infinitives*, in "Yin Jim Versus the Vomit Creatures"?

It's a psychic detective thing based on an Algerian Blackwood character named John Silencer. I'm really into comic books.

Are you into '20s pulp fiction?

I just like a good tale. That ["Yin Jim Versus the Vomit Creatures"] was just an idea, his assistant is the bones of a dead coyote, the Indian spirit, the scavenger spirit and he rears it as a body of a dead coyote. It's a cool cartoon image. It's about one of his adventures. Again, there's an actual story behind it, but I just made a bunch of sounds. And everyone's like, 'Oh yeah, you're so weird'.

That's great that there's a whole scenario built up.

I wanted to make a movie out of it, but movies are really expensive to make. I was shocked. Koreitzky at Drag City [Records], I'm waiting until he can give me \$20,000 to do a punk version of it, mostly computer animation and live interjection. But that's probably way down the line. The music guys are always doing that, flopping like crazy in movies. Did you see that Perry Farrell movie?

No.

God! I didn't see it either, but I saw it on the video stands and I read a review of it. It sounds really stupid. It's all about drug addiction - it's a street movie. All the record company people are street this, street that, the kids this, and kids that.



"For us this is really stupid. I hate making stupid ass videos. I hate videos. I don't even watch MTV."

I guess they're worried about their cred or something like that.

Oh yeah! They're all humpbacks. We're going on tour and we're taking a bus and they were like, 'You guys have to tour in a van 'cause you gotta be indie,' and we're like, 'Excuse me, but we've been doing that since '85. Now we can afford it, so please! Every two bit country band in the fucking universe takes a bus on tour the first time they get to go out.' But it's [the label's] credibility that's at stake - 'We don't want to be known as the label that spoiled this perfect thing' - and it's not the issue at all.

Can you conceive of Royal Trux becoming really popular?

Oh yeah.

And you have no problems with that?

No. We're going to tour all the time. Bands need to do that, to compete basically. That's probably why I dismissed the other records, because we were not competing. Now I see the *Billboard* chart as competition. That's more my approach to the record, 'cause then I can look back at my other records and say 'I've already explored dark corners of the psyche. I just want to reach a wide audience through these products. [But] for us this is really stupid. I hate making stupid ass videos. I hate videos. I don't even watch MTV. They said, 'Well you have to', so I was like, 'We'll do a five record set only on vinyl exploring the harmonics of C and G.' But I don't want to pull that kind of thing. I hate it when popular artists do that kind of thing, because it ruins people's enjoyment for the artist's own sake. It seems like a cruel thing to do. That's why I love Madonna, she never does that. Her idea of art is movies. She knows her job.

Can you see Royal Trux existing in ten years?

Yeah, forever, 'til we die.

That's a beautiful thought.

And sell a lot of records. We're just going to do this commercial phase for a while.

Do you perceive yourselves as being in a commercial phase?

Oh yeah, the minute we signed. Before we made records for a very limited audience. Maybe some people got sucked in because of the press or hype or whatever rumour, but now that we're on a major label, people expect to get what they want in the record store. They don't want to be ripped off. People really do work hard for their money. So now what we do, I can't really describe it, but it's something like a bubble bath or something nice. A nice car or whatever.

Do you feel that you are dealing with a fickle audience?

Yes. No. Fickle? Yes. I think audiences are very fickle. It takes a lot to please them. I think they know what they want.

"So now what we do I can't really describe it, but it's something like a bubble bath or something nice. A nice car, or whatever."



by grant lawrence

"Paul peed in Dhani's mouth!"
"No he didn't!"
"Ya he did!"

Such is routine conversation for North Vancouver teenage punk rock band d.b.s. Formed in 1992 when the members were a mere 12 and 13 years old, d.b.s. is made up of four sprightly young punks brimming with cocksure adolescent confidence. Jesse, 16, sings; Andy and Dhani, both 15, play guitar and bass respectively; Paul, not present at this interview (something about a detention), is 16 and plays drums.

Though d.b.s. has only been in existence for a relatively short time, the band has gained a certain notoriety in this town, both for the band members' surprising youth and for their catchy, energized brand of hardcore, most easily compared to the likes of California's current crop of punks Rancid, Face To Face or Green Day. The band has built up a steadily growing legion of fans with their many local shows, and now, with local label Nefer Records behind them, they have been able to release their suitably titled debut CD, *Tales From The Crib*. (Previous releases consist of two self-produced and hard to find cassettes, *Lighten Up* and *Catch 22*) - check this! While the title is an obvious play on words reflecting the band member's ages, d.b.s. really do emanate a sense of good, honest, juvenile fun (albeit highly organized). They love to play, love to tour, and all are very excited about their new album and ready to take on the world.

As much as they'd like to be full-time musicians, all four members of d.b.s. are currently in mid-swing of their high school careers at Argyle Secondary School in Lynn Valley. They are, to say the least, a fashion anomaly in their school's hallways, due mostly to the fact that they change the color of their hair almost weekly. And though they mostly seem to despise their high school, they have managed to find a few positive attributes. According to Jesse, "Argyle's OK 'cause there's not that many fights there."

"And," adds Paul, "we don't get shit-kicked for being so funny-looking. It's full of preppies and jocks."

"We have rugby at Argyle," says Jesse, "but they're all scared of us 'cause they think we're queer!" Fittingly, he happens to be wearing a shirt with the words "THE QUEERS: Fuck you!" written across it in big, bold letters.

"Yeah," scoffs Andy, "they think we're gay and we're gonna have sex with them or something!"

What with scaring rugby players, releasing records, touring, appearing on national television and attracting hundreds of peo-

ple to their shows, one would think that d.b.s. would be considered celebrities within the microcosm of their high school. Apparently not, as Jesse explains: "Our teachers don't care about d.b.s. In fact, it seems no one at our school cares about d.b.s. They don't take us seriously, and then they'll read an interview like this or they'll see us on Much Music and have a reality check."

In 1995 punk rock is big business, and bands like Green Day and the Offspring are able to make lots of money from their own music without having to make too many compromises. So, if the punk rock moola train tooted for d.b.s. to climb aboard, would the four students consider dropping out of high school?

"Oh my god," sputters Dhani, visibly shocked at the mere suggestion, "My dad would kill me if I didn't finish high school!"

With the mention of Dhani's father, I bring up another interesting aspect of the d.b.s. machine: Often at their shows, one sees a handful of d.b.s. dads off to the side of the stage, helping the band unload or set up.

"Our dads help us out all the time!" boasts Andy. "In fact, they're building a practice space for us right now!"

"Our parents are cool" Jesse confirms. "See, I've never got good marks all my life, but now I'm doing something good that's actually working out really well and my parents are proud of me. Like, if Marzie (Damien - president of Nefer Records) calls up and says 'I want d.b.s. to go on tour for spring break', my dad will call the other parents to see if it's OK."

Like a permission-slip type of thing?

"Yep, we all have to get permission."

As well as building a practice space and helping out at shows, the d.b.s. dads also fix electrical problems with the band's equipment, take photographs, and have in the past lent money for the purchase of guitars. But that's as far as it goes: when I ask if things will ever get into Partridge Family territory with the dads getting up on stage and singing with their sons, the suggestion is met with gales of laughter. "Not yet, but maybe soon!"

Performing live, d.b.s. are a fast, extremely tight, explosive ball of teen angst. They put on a competent show, being able to deliver song after song while pogoing up and down and sporting a sloppy grin or a raised middle finger. Visually, they stand out from other young bands for the fact that they all wear matching striped t-shirts, a trait they are quite proud of. "We think our shirts are totally cool!" says Dhani. "We got them at Zellers. We were in a battle of the bands and we thought it'd make for a good presentation if we all wore the same shirts."

"They were marking us on lyrics, music, and presentation, so we thought we'd need something really special to win over the judges," Jesse adds.

"We were going to dress as women..."

"...but we thought they'd think that was sexy... or sexist? Or something..."

"...and we thought they'd take marks off for that..."

"...sowe wore the shirts and won the contest!"

The first place prize from the competition was 15 hours of free recording time at the hallowed Profile Recording Studio, time which d.b.s. used to create their album *Tales From The Crib*. Recorded under the paternal producing eye of punk veteran Cecil English (producer of, among others, D.O.A. and NoMeansNo), *Tales From The Crib* is, according to Jesse, "the best sounding punk rock album ever. Anyone who takes it home, I guarantee you, it'll sound better than any other punk rock album that's ever come out of anywhere! It's called *Tales From The Crib* and it's



got twenty songs on there. It's a play on our age and it's a play on how hardcore we are coming from North Van. 'Cause you know, the 'crib' is like the 'hood'."

Huh?
"C'mon! It's like the home-boy term for house," explains Andy. "It's like, 'Yo, come crash at my crib! Word up!'"

Sensing my hep deficiency, Dhani comes to my rescue and gets the conversation back to the subject of the recording session and Cecil English. "We learned a lot working with Cecil English on our album," he says. "I've learned more about music from Cecil than I've ever learned before."

"Cecil also tells some of the best stories you'll ever hear," adds a giddy Andy. "But I don't know if we should talk about that..."

"I know one," interrupts Jesse. "Cecil likes to tell the story about the time him and Art Bergman were at a party and it got busted by the cops, so they ran down the stairs onto the street, right into a cop car! So then Cecil decides to kick the shit outta the cop car! He ended up breaking his ankle doing it, 'cause he thought he was wearing army boots, but he was wearing sneakers!"

Obviously, a great union was made when d.b.s. and Cecil English came together for *Tales From The Crib*, and the proof is in the pudding. With twenty tracks clocking in at just under forty minutes, *Tales From The Crib* is filled with fast and furious bursts of cherubic punk rock which, lyrically, deal with anything and everything from the cute chickie-chick in history class to the end of the world as we know it.

"Our music is very diverse, subject-wise," says Jesse. "We have songs about cute girls and we have songs about the violence at the 7-11 in Lynn Valley."

"We have three songs about our 7-11 situation," explains Andy. "We're from the hard streets of Lynn Valley, North Vancouver, where there's a lot of urban violence around the 7-11."

"It's been happening for a long time," continues Jesse. "My mom used to be in the Smiling Grabs. Anyone from Lynn Valley would remember the Smiling Grabs. It was in the '60s, they'd go down to the drive-in movie and beat the shit out of everybody!"

But about our songs?
"We've got lots of songs about all the racist and homophobic fucks that live in North Van. Like, everyone who goes to our high school is white - well, there's Asians, too - but basically there's about two black people in our school and that's leads to some pretty narrow-minded people. That's what our song 'Racist School' is all about. Another song, 'Snowball', is going to be about a video and it's about drugs. 'Snowball' isn't an anti-drug song, it's more the truth about drugs. It's basically about getting addicted to drugs and how your life turns into a snowball, getting bigger and bigger and worse and worse. The more you do, the harder it is to quit and the worse your life is going to get. You end up losing everything if you can't control yourself. It's about heroin, really."

Surprised by such serious subject matter from a quartet of

"There's a difference from being straight-edge and being clean and sober," Jesse explains. "We may not do drugs or drink, but we don't label ourselves with that and we don't preach it to anyone. Those are our personal decisions."

Some hardcore bands have a rule that they will only play all-ages shows, and one would think that d.b.s. would automatically fall into this category since they are all still well underage. But by some miracle, d.b.s. have actually been able to play in bars like the Starfish Room and the Old American and have no qualms about doing both all-ages and licensed shows. "We prefer all-ages shows," says Jesse, "but sometimes we play in bars 'cause there aren't any other shows to play. Bars are nice to play every once in awhile, but most of the time we try to play all-ages so our friends can come. All-ages shows are more fun and more people dance, but we don't make any rules. We're not PC or nothing like that."

It seems like d.b.s. have been playing around town constantly for the past few years, but, when prodded, one show stands out in their minds more than any other: "The Rancid show!"

"The Rancid show was up there," says Dhani. "It was awesome. Hanging out with Rancid after the show was the best." Rancid liked us even before they heard us," continues Jesse. "I brought my organ that night and Tim Armstrong (Rancid lead singer/guitarist) said his favourite Bad Religion album was the one with all the keyboards on it. And Lars (other singer/guitarist) was a funny guy. Every time we told him about how our parents drive us to gigs he'd say, 'That is so punk.'"

While the Rancid show may be the highlight of their career thus far, d.b.s. are more than willing to talk about some of the wild occurrences that have taken place at all of the other crazed punk shows they've played, including their recent gig with the Dayglo Abortions.

"This guy climbed up on the monitors to stage dive," recalls Andy, "and they were really wobbly and he fell back off the stage and landed on his head. We didn't think anything of it at the time - people picked him up - but I talked to the guy after the show and he had lost his mind! He couldn't remember who he was, or where he was! It was fantastic!"

"We also met someone with three nipples at that show!" Jesse says. "It was this really big fat old guy who was really stoned. All of the sudden he started screaming, 'I GOT THREE NIPPLES! I GOT THREE NIPPLES!' and he pulled up his shirt, and he's got one, two, three nipples, sure enough!"

"One time we were playing the American on Main St. and there's this crazy French guy," says Andy, continuing in a thick French accent: "I love zee punk rock!" he says. "We were sitting in the van with my dad about to go home after the gig and he came up to the van with a joint saying, 'Do you smoke ptttt? Do you smoke ptttt?' And you know, I'm like, 'Oh, no, no. You know,

ing), but there is also the fact that there has already been a relatively successful southern American band who used the same letters, albeit in a slightly different set-up: the dB's (pronounced "dee bees") had several albums out in the '80s and were often considered the R.E.M. that didn't. The four members of d.b.s. are already well aware of this fact and are duly concerned, but they're not losing any sleep over the name-game. "We know about that other band, and yes, we're worried about it, but we just have to make sure people spell it right: little d, little b little s, with periods in between each letter."

Has d.b.s. talked to a lawyer?

"Yes, we have talked to a lawyer about it. But the main reason we have a lawyer is because we legally can't sign a contract (with Nefer Records) because we're underage. Our parents can't sign for us either because they can't fulfill the contract. Like, my dad can't record our songs, right?"

Right. So, for the time being, d.b.s. will let Nefer and "the lawyer" deal with any such legal problems. In the meantime, the band will be embarking on their first tour away from home, a ten day jaunt (during Argyle's spring break) down the west coast of the USA with fellow Vancouver punkers Gob.

"Yep," says Andy, "we'll all be in the same van headin' down the coast! That is if Dhani's dad will let us."

"He will!" insists Dhani. "But my dad wants one adult to go on the trip!"

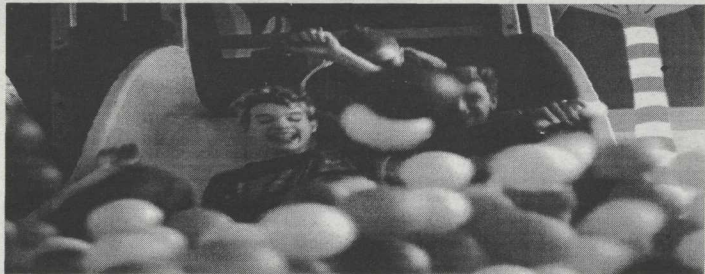
"Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Disneyland!"

Ooo, Disneyland! the best place in the world! Space Mountain - best ride ever made."

"Disneyland story!" announces Andy. "One time I was on a family vacation to Disneyland back when I was a little headbanger kid. My t-shirt said 'Heavy Metal Up Your Ass' and Disneyland wouldn't let me in! They made me take it off and wear a stupid Mickey Mouse shirt! Fuck!"

Despite the fact that they're starting their touring career in the US, d.b.s. plan to tour Canada this summer and, unlike some local hardcore bands, they do believe in the scene, the bands, and the kids in this country. In fact, they are quick to rattle off lots of Canadian bands they love, such as the Stand GT, Sparkmark, Gus, Submission Hold, Ten Days Late, Strain, and the Dunderheads (who's demo Jesse has recently finished producing). d.b.s. also love the 'zine-scene, citing *Warm An Fuzzy* and *Jerk* as their favourites, the latter especially for asking questions like "Do you eat cum?" Not to be out done, and to keep up with the times, I present the exact same sicko question to the band: Do d.b.s. eat cum?

"It's not a regular part of my diet," giggles Dhani. "But," admits Jesse, barely able to control his hysterics, "I think we've all been curious enough to take a little taste every



We're from the hard streets of
Lynn Valley, North Vancouver
where there's a lot of urban
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seemingly happy-go-lucky teens. I wonder if d.b.s. is witness to that kind of substance abuse at their high school.

"No!" says Dhani. "It's just a bunch of potheads. A lot of acid babies and hippies."

But according to Jesse, "Some of the rich kids think they're all cool doing cocaine or crystal..."

Crystal?
"Crystal meth!"

Seeing the blank look on my face, Jesse once again translates the band's urban street lingo. "It's some sort of new wave drug. People think they're hardcore 'cause they're paying a hundred dollars a gram. It's sounds like a waste of money to me."

With the conversation now turned to the subject of drugs, I ask the band about another subject I can never quite get a straight answer on: Straight-edge, a controversial lifestyle often adopted by young hardcore fans. d.b.s., please help this out-of-it guy and tell me what straight-edge is all about!

Seemingly exasperated, Dhani fills me in. "OK, I'll explain this one to you without being mean to anybody. Straight-edge is someone who doesn't do drugs and doesn't have sex."

And does this include any of the members of d.b.s.?

"NO!!!"

parents and everything, right? So he says, 'Oh zorrre, I zot you smoked pttt!'"

"That's another thing," Jesse points out. "We make it a policy not to drink before or during a show. 'Cause we'd suck pretty bad probably. We wouldn't have the energy."

"Drinking and stuff at shows is...not that great," admits Dhani. "People think you're a drunken fool!"

"It can spoil a night pretty badly."

"But if d.b.s. do drink we don't go around and advertise it or anything. It's sort of more of a refreshment."

While drinking, playing in bars, and doing huge all-ages shows may not be a problem for d.b.s., their moniker may prove to be a thorn in their side the bigger they get. Not only is there the question of what d.b.s. stands for (The band insists that the letters don't stand for anything and can't be expanded into three words, but in the liner notes for *Tales From The Crib* they offer a free t-shirt to whoever comes up with the best definition. In the past, fans have suggested Dirty Bum Sucker or Drive By Shout-

once in awhile."

"It's SALTY!" shrieks Andy.

At this point, the interview deteriorates into a perverted round of toilet talk, with one too many a tale of misadventures with excrement reminding me that I am, after all, interviewing teenagers. Still young enough get away with being so playfully morose, d.b.s. laugh, fart and bury their way into the world of punk rock, equipped with a new album that will hopefully pave the way for more shows, more tours, and more records. Watch for d.b.s. touring Canada this summer, and the summer after that, and the summer after that. At the rate these punks are growing, d.b.s. could be around for a long and very successful run.

As the kids would say, Oiii!

Nefer Records: 1027 Davie St., Suite 600,

Vancouver, BC, V6E 4L2

MARY LOU (ord)

by Mike Hoffman

I first heard Mary Lou Lord on one of those darned cool Kill Rock Stars compilations. She sings a song called

"Camden Town Rain" that is so beautiful and sincere I listened to it over and over again until I knew the words off by heart. Since then, she has put out a seven inch (also on KRS) with two rockin' tunes ("Some Jingle Jangle Morning [when I'm straight]" and "Western Union Desperate"), accompanied by such superstars as Donna Dresch, Tabi Vaj, and Kathi from Bikini Kill. More recently, she has released an eight song EP that features mostly just herself and her guitar. Can you say Do It Yourself? It seems Mary Lou taught herself the definition. I had a chance to speak with Mary Lou and her tour driver, Jason (who is also half of Slo-Mo Records), when they stopped in Vancouver during their recent tour with Elliott Smith of Portland's Heatmiser. It was an pleasant, informal chat, despite the smoke and noise backstage at the Starfish Room, and though I had originally planned to ask Mary Lou about that whole sordid ordeal with Courtney Love (see last month's DISORDER), I found her so interesting and cool that I didn't want to bring gossip and hatred into the interview. Instead, we talked about busking, indie rock, the Olympia scene, and, to start things off, her tour and the South By Southwest convention.

Mary Lou: Elliott's playing a show with Tsunami [at South by Southwest]. I'm just gonna bum rush the sidewalk there. I do a lot of performing in the street, and in the subway. I prefer it over gigs. There'll be lots of activity going down, so hopefully I can drag a few people out to the street with me that don't usually get to play acoustic in that kind of a setting. I did it at the YoYo a GoGo festival in Olympia last summer. Lint from Rancid was one of the participants and we had a really great time. A lot of people saw a different side of Lint. That spawned an idea that Lint and I do a 7" single together, so that'll probably be happening in the next month or so.

I actually saw you busking outside at YoYo a GoGo and I was so glad I got to see that, since I didn't see you perform inside...Anyway, I remember wondering if you had a per-

manent home or if you were always moving...

ML: It seems like I am, but my permanent home is in Salem with my parents. Because I move so much that it's ridiculous to have an apartment. I hang out in Boston for a couple of months and instead of paying rent I'll buy a plane ticket or two. It's been beneficial because it's a lot cheaper and it's been good for me to play by myself and pull it off. I can just pick up my little amp and go wherever I want and play to different people in different cities. If I had a band it would be a lot more financially difficult. But I do want to stay put now because I'm ready to commit to a band.

Where are you going to stay put?

ML: I think I'm going to either move to London or stay in Boston. This guy, Nick Solomon, who basically is this band called the Bevis Frond, lives

in London. He's sort of like the "mom" while his wife goes out and works. He's got a little girl and he takes care of her while writing songs all day. He can't really leave, so what I think I might do is go to London, write some songs with Nick, come back to Boston, get a band together and tour. Or record. I don't know.

Did you spend any time in Olympia?

ML: I did. I lived in Olympia for a year.

Is that how your Kill Rock Stars 7" came about?

ML: No, I had met Kathleen Hanna over the phone through a friend of mine. My friend said, "Talk to Kathleen, she is in Bikini Kill, just say hi." So I was like, "Hi Kathleen, I

don't know you, but hi." Anyway, a bunch of time went by, and I was at this really horrible little party in a suburb of Boston. There were about eight people at the party and everyone was miserable. I was really drunk and I went up to this girl with wacky hair and an insane presence. I started playing with her hair and she pulled me into the bathroom and

she had a wig on and when she took it off, she had these long beautiful braids. I said, "Well, why do you wear that?", and she's like, "Cuz it's fun." I said, "Who are you?", and she said, "Tinuviel", and I said, "Where you been, Tinuviel? I never seen you around", and she said, "I've been in Olympia." So me in my pompous drunken state said, "Oh, Olympia, I know some people in Olympia." She's like, "Who do you know?" And I said, "I know Kathleen from Bikini Kill", and she said, "Well she's on my record lo-

bel." I was like, "Oh my god, you're Kill Rock Stars." So I said I was Mary Lou and I play in the subway. We left the party and went to her house and hung out. We ended up hanging out that whole summer. Then she moved to Seattle and said, "Mary Lou, I'm really lonesome for your voice, will you make me a tape?" So I made her this tape on a boom box of just a bunch of songs. She said that she had played it for Slim Moon (her label partner) and that they liked this one song and wanted to put it on a compilation. They took it right from the boom box and put it on the compilation and it's kind of the song that doesn't really fit in. My friend Mary and I drove across the country to visit Tinuviel. We all drove down to Olympia and met Slim, who became one of my best friends. He asked me to move to Olympia because he wanted me to get out of the subway. He was really concerned about the fact that I was having trouble writing songs, cuz I would play every day for eight hours, but I wouldn't write songs. So I moved, and while I was living there, I met Kaia who was in Adickid at the time. I introduced Kaia to Donna Dresch and they became Team Dresch...

So YOU are responsible for Team Dresch?!

ML: Well, Kaia and Donna had been writing to each other before, but when I brought Kaia up to Olympia, I said, "Kaia this is Donna, Donna this is Kaia", and all of a sudden light bulbs went off in everyone's head. And then Jody came in to the picture, and they were Team Dresch, basically. It was just so cool, everything overlapped. It was about a year that I lived in Olympia, so um, that was to make a short story very long!

Here in Vancouver, we're exposed to a lot of northwest music and a lot of us seem to idealize Olympia as being this perfect indie world. Is it as nurturing and accepting as we'd like to think, or is it cliquy too, as some have said?

ML: I can't really explain it, but it means a lot to them to live in Olympia. They're very precious about



"I can just pick up my little amp and go wherever I want"

their scene, so I was fortunate that I was welcome before I got to Olympia. People had already heard some of my music and I didn't have to prove anything to be accepted. But I know a lot of people who have gotten very frustrated because they haven't been included in whatever the hell "scene" they're talking about. I haven't had a problem, but I've seen other people shut out by people involved in bands. Why, I don't know. If I can learn something from someone else, I would never disinclude them. I'm too old for that.

How would you define "indie rock"?

Jason: I think what separates it from major label rock is that, number one, just numbers - you don't sell 5 million records in the indie world. And two, it's a sense of community, that whole do it yourself kind of thing. That DIY punk spirit, whether it's true old school punk rock or something completely different. I guess it all boils down to attitude.

ML: I think that if you hear something and wonder if it's indie rock or not, a way to tell is if it's not smothered in bullshit - if there's a certain honesty about it or something that doesn't quite fit in. It's hard because it's art and you can only perceive it in an individual way. You can like what you like, and you shouldn't have to worry about what other people say. I don't give a shit.

What is the song "His Indie World" about?

ML: I kept getting these compilation tapes from these boys from around the country. They didn't know each other, but the tapes all had the same bands on them. The same songs even. These tapes would arrive in the mail, and it was like, "Damn. There's the Silver Jews again. There's Butterglory. There's Sebadoh, and Sentridoh, Doug and Lou and Calvin." It was really weird, you know, all those indie boys with their four tracks. (laughs)

Do you have any favourite indie boys, or girls?

ML: There's this guy named Ryan who has this band called Tipili in Boston. Ryan is my favourite indie boy. He works at Newbury Comics

and he writes all these great songs and is addicted to his four track. His life is an indie world. I guess he was the person I had in mind when I wrote the song.

What did you do before you busked?

ML: I was a disc jockey for four years when I was thirteen until I was sixteen. When I started, I was asked to cover for a friend who owned the station while he went for lunch. I had to do a show right there, on the spot. I knew nothing about music - I knew Jethro Tull, Cheap Trick, and The Who - so I was forced to find out really quick. I had a wacky show. I was playing BeOp Deluxe back to back with west coast pop art experimental bands.

I was thirteen, and there would be these older vinyl geeks calling up pumping me for questions about the bands, saying, "I really like the way you played such-and-such back to back with such-and-such." And I'd be like, "Well, it was under 'W'." I just started at the A's and went through them all. I did that for four years until they brought in playlists and decided the format was to be a hardcore station. I refused to play the music they wanted me to play, so I would write down that I was playing hardcore stuff, but still play the same music I used to. I got caught, and at this huge station meeting they said I was going to be "let go". I got so mad and stood up and said, "You know, you people have absolutely nothing to do with how the music gets made. If you're gonna follow playlists like that then you might as well all be monkeys. I'm not gonna spin that vinyl, I'm gonna make what goes on that vinyl." I went to Berkeley for two years with the intention of majoring in music production, but I couldn't get into the major because of all this political red tape so I moved to London and found this School of Audio. I was living in a squat with no heat, so I would take my homework to the train station and watch this kid play. One day he asked me to watch his stuff while he went to the bathroom. I picked up his guitar and played the three chords a friend had taught me, and

someone threw a pound coin into the case. My calling was born, and the next day my parents wired me money and I got a shit guitar and practiced every day. When I returned to Boston, I was looking for a job and was



in the subway and thought maybe I'd try it just once. I went home and got my guitar and never stopped. Over the course of time, I would meet journalists and djs and just people who picked up on the fact that I was playing really weird covers. I made friends when these people would approach me and I knew that they were thinking, "Oh, you suck, but you are playing my favourite song."

Is it true you have a songwriting deal with BMG?

ML: Yeah, it's a publishing deal, which is weird cuz at the time I didn't even know what publishing was. I met Margaret from BMG through Slim because Margaret was interested in signing Bikini Kill. They didn't do anything with her, but, afterwards, Beck signed a publishing deal with her.

I thought it was really cool that she would be interested in Beck because his music was pretty much out there, and I felt that I might like to work with her cuz she was willing to go out on a limb with someone like that. Then it just happened that Beck's record did really really well and a lot of people started looking to Margaret for the next big thing.

They wanted to know who else she was working with, and she said it was this girl Mary Lou. And all of a sudden there was a lot of record label interest. There's kind of like label frenzy going on right now and I don't really know what to do. But if this EP does well enough on Kill Rock Stars I might just stay with them.

Do you have any favourite tour stories, or something you'd like to add?

Both: Watch out for men with hairy backs! ML: We had a really good time yesterday. There was this very big man with a very hairy back sitting in the laundromat last night in the window. It was very funny. We had our pic-

ture taken with him: me and Elliott, with the hairy-back man sitting in the middle.

And with that, we said goodbye. A little later that evening, Elliott was sitting on a stool on stage with his acoustic guitar, looking quite uncomfortable. His set was painful to watch because he was so good but so ignored by the audience. The crowd was obviously just waiting for Mary Lou to take the stage, and when she did, it was like a campfire, quiet and warm. She played all of her recorded songs, as well as covers by bands such as Big Star, Neil Young, the Talking Heads, and Morrissey. No one there was thinking "you suck", but everyone probably was thinking "you are playing my favourite song."

Mary Lou Lord Discography: Stars Kill Rock compilation *Some Jingle Jangle Morning 7"* self-titled EP to be released - 7" w/ Lint from Rancid

write mary lou @ Kill Rock Stars: #418-120 NE State Avenue, Olympia WA 98501

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Course No. V 101
Course Title: **Royal Trux**
"Thank You"

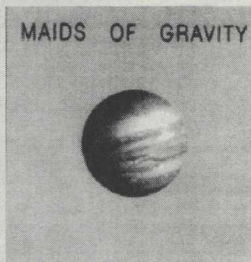
Course Outline:

1. Ray O Vac
2. Fear Strikes Out
3. You're Gonna Lose

Students will examine fundamental concepts of music from the release 'Thank You'. Cutting edge doesn't come close to describing the

sense of **Royal Trux**. Since joining forces in '85, vocalist Jennifer Herrema and guitarist Neil Hagerty, the core of Royal Trux, have produced a non-stop stream of blues/rock indies. On Thank You, their fifth album and major label debut, the band takes a dangerous step forward - then again, this is the first time they've spend more than \$600 to make an album.

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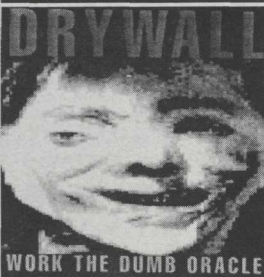
Course No. V 201
Course Title: **Maids of Gravity**

Course Outline:

1. 20th Century Zen
2. Only Dreaming
- 3.. Play Inside

Students gain practical hands-on experience in the use of the band's self-titled debut. **Maids of Gravity** prefer to allow the sonic chips fall where they will.

In the end, the listener is left with orbiting fragments of melody and psychedelic dissonance that fills the skies like a meteor shower of guitar hooks. Emerging from the thriving underground LA scene, the trio recorded the album in late 1994 with producer Matt Hyde (Porno for Pyros), it blends guitar driven experimental rock with catchy memorable hooks. Their sound takes on an even edgier, more urgent sound live.



Course No. V 301
Course Title: **Drywall**
"Work The Dumb Oracle"

Course Outline:

1. Highway Song
2. Police Call
3. New Blue Mercedes

This course will introduce students to the brilliant release 'Work The Dumb Oracle' from **Drywall**.

Drywall is the latest musical experiment from the fertile imagination of Stan Ridgeway. Raucous, disturbing, yet always entertaining, Work The Dumb Oracle is a dark, wild ride through the urban underworld, peppered with the penetrating lyrical wit that makes Ridgeway an utterly unique artist. Highly recommended for those who have been getting far too much sleep at night.



school of music



Course No. V401
Course Title: **Urban Dance Squad**
"Persona Non Grata"

Course Outline:

1. Demagogue
2. No Honestly
3. Selfstyled

This is a refresher course in the history of **Urban Dance Squad**.

The bands first two albums established them as rock innovators spawning the cult classic "Deeper Shade of Soul." Bringing a fierce array of funk, rock, and hip-hop to their fans, UDS serves up an even heavier dose of industrial-strength grooves on 'Persona Non Grata'. From extensive touring around the world with the likes of Smashing Pumpkins, Iggy Pop, and the Breeders, UDS have already cemented their reputation as an innovative force in modern rock.

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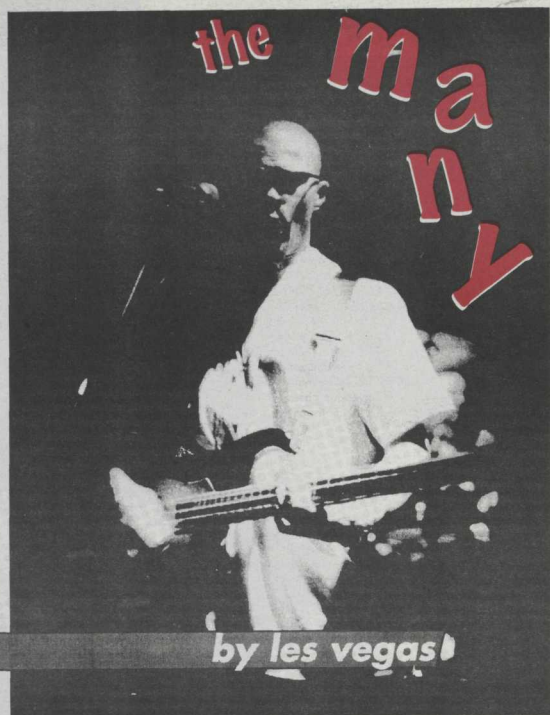
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Date: Tuesday, February 28, 1995. 10:20 pm
Place: Shoreline Community College, Shoreline, Washington USA
Event: Book Signing

Nardwuar: Hi. Mr. Quayle, whose the Prime Minister of Canada?

Dan Quayle: The Prime, Prime...Minister of Canada, which just had the, uh, President, uh, Clinton, up there for a, uh, address, and, uh, it's one thing that George Bush didn't do....Mulroney did not invite him up. But you now have a new Prime Minister of Canada.

(Although the Secret Service did not mind the presence of our camera, they sure as hell didn't want Mr. Quayle answering any more "Canadian" questions. Hence, with the flip of a G-man's elbow, the encounter ended right there.)



Interesting. Yep, that's about the most innocuous word I can think of to describe the raucous, alcoholic evening on the town I spent with local rockers the many, an evening that was supposed to involve nothing more than a few quiet beers and a reasonably professional interview.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE BAND'S BASS PLAYER ANDRE KEPT US WAITING FOR OVER AN HOUR, and in that time the remaining bandmembers and myself got a good start on what turned out to be more than just a few beers. A lot more. So be warned, readers, the opinions contained herein are those of some very drunk punk rockers. The many is Wes, Joe, Andre and Steve. Wes sings, Joe plays guitar, Andre plays bass and Steve drums. Fixtures on the local club scene for a few years now, the band has one CD out on BangOn Records entitled *Lover* (Originally released in 1993, *Lover* was recently re-released for the second time. "We keep thinking if we re-release it then someone will finally buy it," quips Wes. "We're going to be releasing a new CD in '98 and until then, we're gonna re-release the *Lover* album a couple of more times. We'll remix it a few times, with like dance beats and stuff.")

The many formed about six years ago in Ontario, moving to Vancouver in 1991 to further their career and, somewhat less nobly perhaps, "for the pot."

"We all talked about it," says Andre, "and it boiled down to Montreal, Toronto or Vancouver. We just wanted to go to a center so we could see lotso shows more so than play them. Montreal was a bit too stuffy and divided, with the whole English and French thing, and Toronto was too close. We kinda wanted to go really really far away and just do band stuff, so we just tried to find the furthest point and it turned out to be Vancouver, 3600km away."

Although the band was willing to move to one of Canada's major cities, the fact that they probably had to in order to get anywhere as a band is something that irks them all. Having grown up in a variety of small towns - Andre, Wes and Joe in Ontario and Steve in Saskatchewan and Alberta - they have been witness to and later became a part of some of the hundreds, if not thousands, of smaller scenes that are scattered all across Canada. According to Andre, bands in these scenes "get no coverage and get nowhere, basically. These bands tour their asses off and work like crazy, but there's no publicity to put the bodies in the clubs in the first place. Who's to say that there should be five major centers and five major music scenes and the rest are scrapped? Some of the best bands in the world come from the smallest towns that you've never heard of ever in your life."

Maybe so, but, given the geographic realities of this great land of ours, isn't it a bit unrealistic to expect national coverage of the smaller music scenes?

"No, I don't agree with that," says Steve. "I don't buy that at all. If [Much Music] can have two idiots going, 'Oh, here's the big nicks!' and driving across Canada, I'm sure they could stop here and there and get the local music scene. With all the media, the satellite that's everywhere, the whole thing, I mean, that's bullshit to say that they couldn't cover Regina or Saskatoon, 'cause I've lived there and there is a music scene going on there."

PINNING DOWN THE MANY'S SOUND AND PUTTING IT INTO words isn't something that's easy to do, and even the band members themselves are reduced to spouting hyphenated clichés when asked to describe their music. As teenagers, Joe, Wes and Andre were all fans of moody British pop groups such as Joy Division and The Cure, while Steve cruised the prairies listening to the likes of Death Sentence, Hüsker Dü and Government Issue. Elements of all of these bands can be heard in the music the many make now, but it seems that when people pick a band to compare them to that band is invariably Fugazi. While Wes does bear a vague but oft-noticed resemblance to Fugazi front-man Ian McKay (as well as to the lead singer of Catwax), the comparison is spurious at best, as most such comparisons. Nonetheless, the many are fans of Fugazi's music - though not necessarily that of the megalomaniac with it. A bone of contention.

I can sing through my asshole better than the lead singer of the Offspring can.

Wes

attention for Andre, is especially for Fugazi's prohibition on stage-diving. "They're on stage and they're like, 'No, YOU cannot stage dive! That's just plain, flat-out fascism; that's his opinion that he's imposing on you, that he's making you follow. He's saying one thing and you don't have choice in it.'"

So do you like stage-diving? "I don't believe in stage-diving - period - unless the whole room is into it. You know when it is and you know when it's not. And there's good ways to stage dive and there's bad ways to stage dive. It still amazes me when some asshole stage dives with like a total studded leather coat that could rip your face to shreds if he landed the wrong way. Jesus Christ, what the fuck is going through your mind, man. I mean, like you are out of your fucking mind to think that you're going to come out of that and everyone's going to be okay?"

Given their abhorrence for flying bodies, I was surprised to find the many are far more understanding when it comes to the subject of flying tampons, specifically the tampons that L7 threw into the crowd at the Glastonbury Festival a few years back. "That's beautiful, man," chirps Wes when I mention the stunt. "It's a woman-hood."

"No it's not," I object, "it's foul. It's blood, it's blood, it's soggy, it's blood."

"Oh, I love that," he says.

"It's disgusting," I counter.

"It's just symbolism," interrupts Andre. "It's the symbolism of the thing, of the act. Yes, it's disgusting and I wouldn't want a tampon to land on me. I wouldn't be happy if it hit me square in the forehead and just stuck there, BUT, the symbolism of the action is read, is still, like, the people who were there who were hit by the tampon, I feel sorry for them, because that's just a drag - I could only imagine it would be a drag, BUT, on a world-wide scale, that reached everybody - everybody knows about that concert, you know, and there's a symbolism involved there."

Andre never did explain to me just what I was supposed to read into the symbolism of throwing used tampons, but it was just as well: not even the women I know like to talk about menstruation and its related accessories for very long. Instead, we get back to talking about music, and Wes gives me his opinion of one of the many indie punk bands to make it big recently. "I think that I can sing through my asshole better than the lead singer from Offspring can. He's terrible, man. I'm not a good singer at all, but he licks, man, he's fucking terrible."

We live rock and roll. Steve

The door now open, the rest of the band jump in and get a few things of their chest regarding the recent popularity of punk rock. Joe is the first to voice his complaint. "I don't like these one year wonder bands that get on to this big explosion scene because they have one shitless song," he gripes.

"Green Day I can respect, somewhat," Steve concedes. "Apart from playing at Woodstock. That's kind of un-punk rock. I thought the whole early punk thing was like hate hippies and hippies are full of shit and I hate anything that's peace and love, and then there they are at Woodstock saying, 'This is anarchy.' I don't know, that just doesn't go with me. But then again, neither do tight pants."

"I mean, bands that are like fucking 18 year old metal heads for four years now realize that punk is the way to go are now screaming punk at the top of their lungs," says Andre. "We are so punk, we are so punk! But I mean, they do not have a clue."

The many have enough of a clue to know a bandwagon when they see one, and they aren't about to jump aboard. Instead, they will continue to play away and pay their dues the old-fashioned way: to collection agencies. "Right before our last gig at the Starfish I phoned my parents to say hello, 'cause they live in Ontario, and my dad said, 'Hey, do you know that there's a private detective after your ass?' and I said, 'Pardon me father?' and he said, 'Yeah.' I rent to own my drum set from some guy in New Zealand and he phoned my father saying that he's gonna get a private detective after my ass and when he finds me he's gonna take me to court and sue me. Whenever a van goes by the front of my house I'm like, 'Oh my God,' and I have to pull back the curtains just to make sure it isn't like Forever Drums written on the side of it."

So while other bands may sing about life and death, you guys live it? "I live it. We live rock and roll. We are a rock and roll band."

I'M REALLY SORRY THAT THIS COLUMN is so late. Of course, you wouldn't know that if I didn't tell you, but I can't shake this big feeling of guilt that I have about putting it off, and off, and off. It isn't that I don't like to read zines, and it isn't that I don't think this is worth my time, but sometimes I can only imagine getting everything done if every day was March 22, the day that clocks spring ahead. I've heard that different animals run on a different clock, so if I was a squirrel my day would run on a 25 hour clock and I could get everything done. It is a challenge to fit everything into the 24 hour day, but it is my favourite struggle. If it wasn't, I would stop, right?

And from that little insight into the world of Trish, I will smoothly flow into the world of zines, which, if you think about it, have hand done glimpses into each author's world.

B.U.H. #1

(5.5 X 8.5; 24 pages)

If you look closely at every zine writer, you'll find a lonely person who pounds the keys or moves the pen. That isn't meant as an insult, but I do feel that it gives a certain insight into the motivation behind the booklets: This kind of zine is usually filled with little snippets of what the writer likes: poetry, music reviews of favourite albums. Each article aids in establishing a link between the writer and reader based on what they have in common. Once established, the author gets what she was looking for: mail (communications). When one considers all of this, it becomes clear why I have a directory, not a review column. If you identify with the writers, you are going to like their zine; if you don't, then you won't. It isn't a matter of good or bad.

As with zine writers, if you look at every avid zine reader, you will also find a lonely person, someone in search of a connection. And that is why, without knowing anything about this zine, you will send a stamp to this address: 627 1st St., New Westminster, BC, Canada V3L 2H3.

Geezuz #18

(8.5 X 11; 28 pages)

The theme for this month's Geezuz is lockness. Of all the articles, I found the one about the North American obsession with Hawaii to be the most interesting, but the white trash cookbook was a little too close to home. Also included in this month's issue is a piece about Stryper (the "perfect splicing of North America's two tackiest institutions, Christianity and Heavy Metal"), more band interviews, a series of revealing journal entries about manic depression, and an examination of serial killers. Two dollars to: 297-810 W. Broadway, Vancouver, BC, Canada V5Z 4C9.

Juxtsuppose #2

(5.5 X 8.5; 48 pages)

I have begun to use the expression "rocks my ass" just a little too much lately, so I'm not going to use it here. Let's just say it was definitely a sunny and shiny day when the new issue of Juxtsuppose floated into my mailbox. I have respect for the authors of this publication, but the response that overwhelms me is awe. I love this zine because it is jammed with

little bits of everything. It is as scattered and cluttered as my mind, but I didn't do this to my brain on purpose and I am amazed that anyone could do this deliberately. Sometimes my awe turns into suspicion and I wonder if it really is two people doing this. It would make so much more sense if "Billy" and "Brad" inhabited the same body - a split personality would account for the patience and attention to detail that the creation of this zine must require. And you know, I never have seen this "Billy" person. Stolen words, created passages, amazing cutouts and comics. Two books to: P.O. Box 30007, Park Gate P.O., N. Vancouver, BC, Canada V7H 2Y8.

Ninth Wave #4

(6.5 X 8.5; 70 pages)

A thick music zine from Toronto, Ninth Wave is celebrating its first anniversary. Some of the content really wasn't too appealing to me at first, plus the font is really goth, and I'm not. But when I put aside my snooty little Miss Scenester attitude, I really appreciated some of the stuff in here. These people go for tea in fancy restaurants, do interviews with Kate Bush and Perfume Tree, and review interesting books. I found an interesting piece on Mexico's



Red Pop Revenge #2

(4.5 X 6; 60 pages)

A friend lent me this and said, "It's a travel zine/tour diary." Great, I thought, sixty pages of someone having fun without me. Then I actually sat myself down and promised to read the first few pages, at least. Well, I couldn't stop reading. Chad makes it clear in the introduction that this really isn't a tour diary, it is a city by city journal of what he discovers about himself and the people he meets. His writing style is very well suited to the monologue style of this zine. In each city, he finds some realization, and with a very creative style, he gives his observations. Send 50 cents and a stamp to: P.O. Box 5504, Unit 8, Victoria, BC, Canada V8R 6S4.

Roaring Fork Digest #6

(4.5 X 6; 6 pages)

My opinion of the author of this zine has always been that this must be one messed up kid; only this explains how he could produce such a fucked zine. This issue is a little more coherent than usual - the sentences make up an actual story. Don't ask me for the specifics, after five issues of no true story, I'm scared to say I really see one. What if I'm wrong? We all read what we want into anything we pick up. Anyways, to counterbalance this new level of coherency, the story is in part a description of an acid experience. I think. I can't say for sure, but that is the beauty of his style: YOU JUST NEVER KNOW. Send a stamp to: RR#3, Prince Albert, SK, Canada S6V 5R1.

Schuff #3

(8.5 X 11; 32 pages)

I like the interview with a pro-lifer included in this issue. It isn't very often that people bother to even talk to pro-lifers, and I can understand why: there really isn't much to say "I think you are wrong." "Yeah, well, I think you are wrong." The end. Still, I have to give the author credit for trying. This issue also includes a guide to dealing with record labels, which could come in handy when the inevitable happens and I become label-bait. Yea, just gotta get that little "no-band" problem out of the way and I'm in there! Another installment of his gig diary. Lots of music reviews. Send two dollars to: 7110 Westminster St., Powell River, BC, Canada V8A 1C6.

Skull Gork #1

(5.5 X 8.5; 36 pages)

This is a very fast-paced zine with about a billion things on each page. Comics, band interviews, stolen hints on how to tell your teen is abusing drugs,

news clippings and stuff about the pope. Cool. Send a dollar to: P.O. Box 22522, 300 Cowxwell Ave., Toronto, ON, M4L 2A0.

Ucky Things #1

(7 X 8; 23 pages)

Some neat articles are included in this zine, including "Cheap Fun", an interview with the Astronauts, and an anti-computer schpiel. Send two stamps or a dollar to: 162 Daly Ave. #12, Ottawa, ON, Canada K1N 6E9.

IF LIFE GOES FAST, MAYBE THAT IS MORE true for some, but it definitely is for me. Another day, another million things to do. But before I go, I have some sort of Public Service Announcement to make. Since the demise of Blast Records, it has been awfully hard to find a central location where writers can offer their creations. Well, the boys at Vertical Addiction skate shop are volunteering to be that location. So now we have the place and it is just up to us to put our asses in gear. If you write a zine, send them some, or drop by with a bunch. And if you read zines, go there and expect to find zines. If you don't, kick someone's ass. Seriously, it is up to us. Vertical Addiction is located at 412 Main Street (at Broadway), Vancouver, BC, V5T 3E2. Or call 872-2999.



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I want everyone reading this column to TAKE A LONG HARD SUCK ON THE CHEESY END OF MY DIRTY FUCK-STICK. Not really, but I wanted to say something to arouse your attention. See, sometimes my massive insecurities get the best of me and I just assume that I pour over these little records in vain. This may just look like a bunch of boring old words, but really it's a fucking plea that you read these words, acknowledge some of these great records reviewed herein, find them, and appreciate them. If you don't, please partake in the all-capitals request above.

That demanded, let's roll with the first slice of 7" rock action from Vancouver's latest and coolest rock 'n' roll group **The Tonics** (if you don't already know, the Tonics is a polypair of Vancouver indie-rock talent, featuring Nick from Bum, Ford from D.O.A., Screem from Zumpango, and Sandi and Jen, the active remnants of Kreviss). The Tonics' sound is fuzz-tweaked, definitive rock 'n' roll, wavering somewhere in-between the Mummies and Huggy Bear, depending on whether the vocals are from the guys or the girls. Which brings up an interesting point about the Tonics: they all seem to trade off the lead singing duty on the vocal numbers, depending on the song, while some songs are just straight-out instrumentals.

On this debut EP we are refreshed with four bubbling gossers from the Tonics. There's the kick-off "Ups and Downs" (a Raiders'

cover), as well as the obligatory 'party track', "Comet Caliente", plus two more, "Tilt-A-Whirl" and "Catalina Del Rey". Generic song titles yes, but that's probably on purpose. Simply, the Tonics are a great new local band and this is a great new local record to add to YOUR collection. (The Tonics/Zapruder Records, 74 W. Cordova St., Vancouver, BC, V6B 1C9).

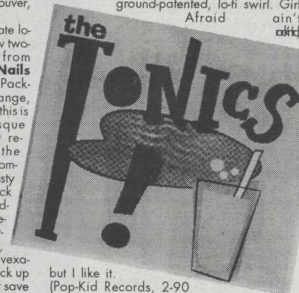


From a separate local camp is a new two-band record from heavies **Rusty Nails and Sludge**. Packaged in a strange, rubbery cover, this is Club Grottesque Records' first release since the

Wade Free Vancouver CD compilation of local bands. On this record, Rusty Nails starts off with two heavy punk rock songs which, at times, verge on Seaweed-like melodies. Unfortunately, a poor recorded representation hinders final delivery. Sludge delve even more into a noisy, decadent fringe, delivering two more vexatious punk grinders. Some interesting back up vocals are just about the only virtues that save these tunes from being a complete mess. A fairly good effort from Rusty Nails, but Sludge are just that. (Club Grottesque Records, Box 56057, 1st Ave., Market Place, Vancouver, BC, V5M 4S9).

Like polysporphine on a open wound, **Girl**

Afraid cleanses the punk bacteria and sets my heart back to the 'peace, sister' mode. Girl Afraid are Ottawa's contribution to the growing force of soft, ethereal fuzz-pop in the world scene, much in the same likeness as locals Good Hazy or last month's review-ees Goze. This subtle seven-inch spins five strummy songs, showing off influences in everything from the non-masculine male Pooch Sticks-ish singing to the ever-present, Velvet Underground-patented, lo-fi swirl. Girl ain't **afraid**!



but I like it.

(Pop-Kid Records, 2-90 Charlotte, Ottawa, ON, K1N 8K2).

Moving on to the next review with nary an effort of translation, let me say this: In the early eighties, Elliot was the most famous name in the world thanks to the work of Henry Thomas, Steven Seibelberg and a handful of nameless midgets. In 1993, the title of **Elliot** has been reduced to a moniker for a terrible, dysfunctional musical unit from Winnipeg. They have teamed up with fellow Pile O' Bones natives **Banned From Atlantis** for a four song EP that is one hell of a rough listen. Elliot's two songs are hard cases of coterwauling, aimless, cacophonous bullshit which managed to waste ten minutes of my life. Banned From Atlantis fare a bit better on the flipside, taking a catchier, straightforward punk route while delivering their Sonic Youth-styled tunes. Negatively noisy, but a good energy level. (Fresh Bread, P.O. Box 3, Winnipeg, MB, R3M 3S3).

Rescuing me once again from music I dislike is **The Surf Trio**, a four some from Portland, Oregon. Regrouping after several years on hiatus, the Surf Trio are back with a scorching two song single of premier rock 'n' roll fever. The A-side's "Steamer" is a crisp, wild surf (duh) instrumental, with none of that thin, brittle sound so popular with recent underground surf bands. This is a great, loud recording. The B-side continues on a high-note with an excellent version of the Only Ones' classic "Another Girl, Another Planet", making this slab a short, snappy, sensational single. (Surf Trio/Pin Up Records, 2134 NE 25th, Portland, OR, 97212, USA).

From the often overlooked, bare-knuckles rock scene of Spokane, Washington, emerges **The Files and Boycott**. The Files' EP is six songs of amateurish, speedy punk, hovering in the generic but fun range of '77 punk to early '80's hardcore and covering the soiled guidelines set up by the likes of the Damned, the Dickies or the Dead Boys. The Files are obnoxious, snotty, and in your face for the duration of all six short blasts. Boycott are not so fun, happening to be an all-woman group pounding out heavy-duty politico-prog sludge

with an over-the-top "don't fuck with us" attitude. Judging by the photo of Barbie on their front cover, the band's moniker, their aggressive sound and certain song titles ("Barbie Doll Death", "Greed"), Boycott seem to be about the violent rejection of a particular female stereotype. Certainly not the bog I'm in, but many a furious female may dig (Trench Records, 508 East Mission #4, Spokane, WA, 99202, USA).

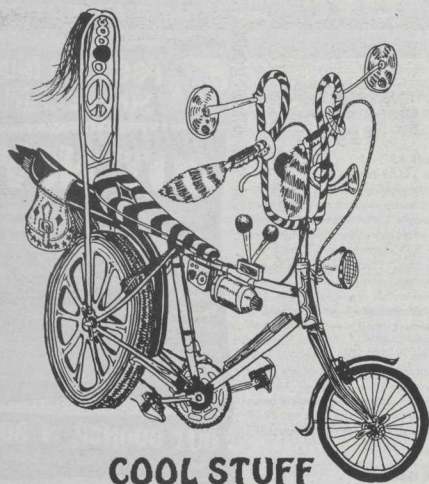
Back on the idealistic fun-track, it's time for **The Chubbies'** new EP *She's Your Daughter*, Sam. Simply stated, the Chubbies are a band high on melody, low on fidelity, with many an undeveloped Rezzillos undertone. This cool little record is crammed with five songs of bashing, strummy, light-hearted punk rock 'n' roll, an obvious project of the no-budget variety. The Chubbies literally wear their influences on their sleeve, too, as the front cover of this 7" features a couple smooching it up, one sporting a Voodoo Glow Skulls t-shirt, the other a Queers' shirt. (Kantolais Records, 1034 W. 1st, #173, Ontario, CA, 91762, USA).

Said Chubbies' choice of clothing brings me cleanly into my favourite single of the month by a country fortnight. That's right, rants, it's **The Queers'** new four-song smash from Look-out! Records. All four cuts are fucking stellar stuff, from the Ben Weasel/Joe Queer collaboration "Surf Goddess" (also found on Screaming Weasel's last album), snapping into the hot-rockin' Gruesome-sque "Quit Talkin'", to the flip's incredible non-LP mix of the Tommy James' classic "Mirage" (one of the best pop songs EVER), and the snappy work-over of the Undertones' hit "Get Over You". Altogether, it's another Beach Boys-meets-the Ramones punk nugget from Joey Ramone's favourite songwriter, Joe King and the Queers.



For a musical shot of pop-punk brilliance, get this 7" (Lookout!, P.O. Box 11374, Berkeley, CA, 94712, USA).

More unpretentious power-pop purity to close the month on a chirpy note comes from Japan's version of the Partridge Family, the very happy, very bouncy, very good **Sunnychar**. Yet another four song seven inch (bands on a whole seem to be cramming as many songs as possible on these things) that showcases way too much fun, female sung pop rock 'n' roll, right up there with the superlikes of the Pussywillows or Heavenly. Superchar's high-flying harmonies, crunchy guitars and snappy beats on all four tunes turn this into another great, must-own record! Long live worldwide pop music! (Shredder Records, 75 Plum Tree Lane, #3, San Raphael, CA, 94901, USA).



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Bleed Kill at the Sailors Union Hall. Photo by Sean Raggatt



BETTIE SERVEET

Starfish Room

March 26, 1995

Bettie Serveet's debut release *Palomine* has been one of my favorites since I heard it, and with the announcement that Silk Worm was opening, the decision to go to this show was an easy one to make. The first time I saw Silk Worm was when they opened for Sebadoh in 1993. They blew Lou Barlow and co. away then, and on this night it looked like they would do the same to one of the Netherlands' best exports since clogs. Brooding as much as they are rocking, Silk Worm make a craft of their song structures, building and building a song into varying degrees of frenetic energy, and then gradually letting it wait away. It's hard to tell how much the rest of the crowd enjoyed Silk Worm's performance, for the splatterings of applause underlay the fact that almost everyone was at the Starfish Room for one reason: Bettie Serveet.

While they played their jaunty, countrytinged rock songs really well, much like they were on record, Bettie Serveet left me a little underwhelmed (if that's the word). Perhaps it was because too much was too similar, or because they didn't seem to interact much with the overflowing crowd. Maybe on another night with another opener, Carol Van Dijk's strong vocals, or the lead guitarist's Gibson+Turbo Rat+Marshall stack = sheer bliss formula would have left me with a better impression of Bettie.

Brian Wieser

KEN JENSEN MEMORIAL

Commodore Ballroom

Friday, March 8

First things first about his night of punk rock: all the bands on the

bill got together to raise money for fire prevention after their friend and musical compatriot Ken Jensen died in a house fire recently. The majority of the funds raised, according to D.O.A.'s Joe Keithley, will be used to distribute free smoke detectors to those who cannot afford them. And now, on with the show.

Unfortunately, I missed Gus' performance, but I made it to the Commodore just as Mystery Machine were starting to play. I used to enjoy seeing this band a couple of years ago, but this time around I found their semilethargic pop-punk pretty uneventful on the whole. It just didn't seem to pick up and go anywhere, so I went and sat back down at the table and waited for the next band. Backed up by John Wright on drums, D.O.A. were up next, playing next the always energized, classic old-school punk that they've toured the globe with for the past years. Following D.O.A., the very talented Mark Critchley of Itch came out to do a short solo set of classical-based piano that I understood and enjoyed even more than when the songs are performed by the whole band.

As good as the music was up to this point, the unmistakable crunch of Mr. Wrong's bass kicked off the set that was the highlight of the night for me. For starters, the reverend Wrong delivered his bass-and-vocals-only sermon while safely hiding behind dark glasses, captain's hat and his self-celebrated priestly vestments, making for a pretty damn intense spectacle. Then off came the collar and Rob Wright was joined by brother John for a few old, rhythm-section only Nameansno songs. Guitarist Tom Halliston soon completed the line-up for some of their great songs, like "Now", "The Fall", and "Victory", but things still weren't finished yet for these guys: While Joe Keithley took the stage to say some kind words about his friend Ken Jensen, Nameansno headed backstage to lace-up for their set of straight-ahead, punk-rock-'em-suck-'em songs as hockey goons The

Hanson Brothers.

The night finished off with a super-psyched SNFU, who really came to rock this evening. SNFU was my first non-laser/cannons-in-the-Coliseum show and I still hold a great memory of that experience, but either I'm getting older or this band has had a change for the worse. It seems that their sound has become progressively less raw over the years, and I'm definitely not impressed with the modern renovations, although I did appreciate some of their old songs that I fell in love with years ago on the very same dance floor.

Kudos to all the bands for volunteering their time, putting on a great show and arranging for the proceeds to be put to the good use of buying smoke detectors.

D.P.O.

BIKINI KILL

PHRANC

TEAM DRESCH

MARY LOU LORD

Sailors Union Hall

Friday, March 3

Who couldn't get excited about a road trip to America's Pounding the grooves of the I-5, southbound to the land of equality, gun-toting lunatics and cheap

candy bars. America. God Bless Her.

A large mint-green hall in Belltown was the destination, a pilgrimage to participate in a celebration of music and dance (and dusty Value Villages). Drop your TV dinner, turn off Gerald, park the pickup, cancel your Enquirer subscription, it's time to

choke the societal forces which bind you. Look out, Bob Barker, this is the white trash revolution.

Ms. Lord began the evening's blissful transgression with a deftly sung set of whispering melodies, costing sweet, hopeful tunes which hushed the buzzing audience. Lord's nonchalant stage presence effectively carried care-

fully casual vocals over the skipping beat of her acoustic guitar.

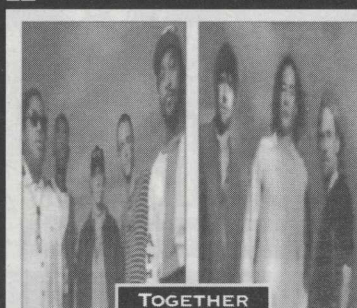
Team Dresch were electrifying. Their current LP, *Personal Best*, hints at the group's raw, encircling power. The live show takes it to another dimension - glimpses of gender devastation, where the voices of Kaia and Jody swoon then scream.

(go to page 29 for more!)



The Hanson Brothers at the Commodore. Photo by Paul Clarke

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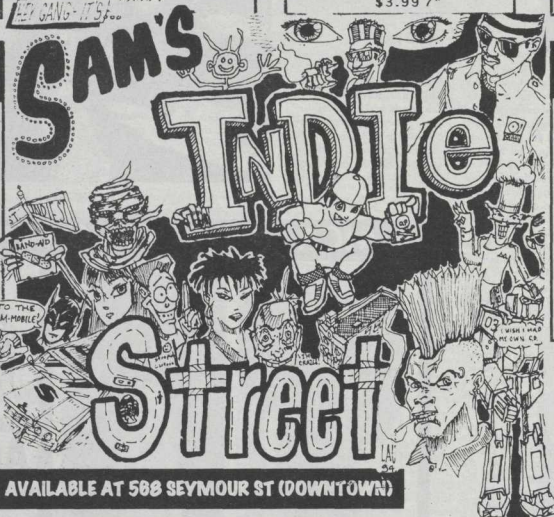
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new review

DISFIGURINES

Punk's Dead You're Next (Rockstar Records)

There's been a major change of tides with bands both local and abroad. It seems that every group, no matter how small, is putting out an album. Just take a stroll through Sam the Record Man's "Indie Street" and count the thirty or so regionally released CDs - it's mind-boggling. What would have flourished on a demo tape five years ago is now seeing the light on compact disc.

Such is the exact case with Kamloops pop-punk quartet Disfigurines. Finding themselves with eleven songs, the band decided to record and release this, their debut CD *Punk's Dead You're Next*. But is the Disfigurines' music so amateur that it would have been better off as a demo? Have they dove into the world of digital rock 'n' roll too soon? Nah, for shit's sake, that's what DIY is about: showing your jizz down people's throats whether they ask for it or not, 'cause some loser kids are bound to like this, right? With the Disfigurines album, the tunes are beginner-stage punk rock in a fun, naive way. Obvious influences are anything on Lookout! Records, plus the usual gamut of anything happy-punk. The Disfigurines even manage a cover of the Degraffi High punk band.

Overall, the Disfigurines show great initiative and promise on this debut. The guitar may be a little quiet for a "punk" album, and the drums sound a bit strange, but the sweet female vocals come through strongly on each song, making up for any youthful musical shortcomings. This is a cool, unpretentious pop-punk album from some interior kids who know what it is up.

Grant Lawrence

VARIOUS

Skookum Chief Powered Teenaged Zil Rawk Angst (Nardwurd Records)

Covering the genres of pop-punk, surf, lounge, etc., *Skookum Chief*, has so many great songs that by so many different performers that it's gotta be an early front-runner for my favourite release of the year. Some of the highlights include the quasi-jazz stylings of Harvey Sid Fisher on "Mommy" and Joey Cheezie, with his soon-to-be legendary rendition of "What Sweet Child O' Mine is This?" Other personal favourites include the Envois' "Highly Pigeoley" - hear the Hops on CD for the very first time! - and Eric's Trip's cover of the Guess Who's "If You Don't Want Me". There are also notable contributions from the New Bomb Tunes, the Smugglers, the Fallouts, the Tonics and cub, but there are no bad songs here.

Not only a celebration of music, *Skookum Chief*...also contains great moments of Nardwurd the Human Serviette on radio. Included here are not only snippets of interviews with Timothy Leary and Beck, but, on the extended-length compact disc, a 30-minute interview/performance with These Goblins from an unidentified AM radio station. This alone is worth the price of purchase - mind you, to get the compact disc and vinyl in one package for around \$10 is a hard deal to beat, especially when the content is so good. This is *Zil Rawk Angst* for the masses - check it out.

Brian Wieser

SELECTED

The Happy Album (Triple X Records)

As is the case with previous works, Selector's inspiration stems from the fight against racial tensions that plague their home, London, and other urban centres around Europe. The increasing frequency of neo-Nazi activities as a reaction to the assimilation

of immigrants into economically hardened populations (especially in Germany and England), combined with a trend in neo-Nazi skinhead association to ska music, has provided ample fuel to power the dissemination from racism and violence that is the spine of Selector's work.

Selector's ska rhythms are smoothed out on this album with a generous weave of jazzy keyboard sounds and dabbles of ragamuffin style. The result is a very attractive and original blend that at times approaches the "cool" of acid jazz, without ever compromising the original bouncing dance floor sensibility of ska. Some really stand up tracks on this album!

Kuan-Neng Foo

TEAM DRESCH

Personal Best (Chainsew/Candys)

Team Dresch is made up of some real live superstars, but I have the feeling that the music these women have made together is better than all the music they've produced in their respective bands. If you're a fan of indie rock bands from the Northwest, you might recognize Jody from Hazel, Kaia from Adickid, Marci from Colony Jane, and Donna from everywhere.

Personal Best contains 25 minutes of pure Lesbianic Action. Even if you don't feel like being politically and personally empowered, you're gonna - these ten powerful songs will wind and twist their way into your head and heart as fast as you can say yoyo a gogo. These women are cool, wacky, and proud of who they are. And it's not just punk: It's ferociously intelligent and eloquent songwriting combined with fast, furious, and thoughtful musicianship.

Jody and Kaia share the job of singing about love, oppression, idols and Sinead O'Connor. "I looked into the distance you said all I know is what I see sincerely not guessing at our own human-

ity but I'm still driving up and down I-5 figuring what's fucked counting on the difference between underground justice and handmade luck" sings Jody on "Freak Fight". Kaia's words are as poetic, as on "She's Crushing My Mind": "What I should have been was way too possible it's fucked up to think like this and I'm waiting for her thoughts to kill me only she's not having a thought past thinking about why she was born this way trying not to forget her before remembering anyway..."

This album moves and mesmerizes me so much that the other day while I was listening to it in my walkman headphones, I almost missed my bus. And you know what? I was standing right at the bus stop. So take my advice: stop reading this mag right now, go out and buy your own copy of *Personal Best* (available on disc and beautiful shiny 12" vinyl), and most importantly, don't miss that bus.

mika hoffman

THE RUDY SCHWARTZ PROJECT

Gunther Packs A Stiffy (Seeland Records)

This is one of those albums that you get when you've never heard of the band before, but it just seems like it would be good. And, of course, it turns out to be the most brilliant piece of creative mass to have crossed your path since you dropped out of that infernal art school. This album is just the kind of thing that puts one step ahead of our parents and professors.

It is also probably the only chance you'll get to hear snorting as part of a jazz scale (in a song called "Yodelling Satan"), followed by a jig. Very original, although it's not all originals. That is to say there are some covers, which are very original themselves. For example, "The Theme From the Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living and Became Mixed Up Zombies," or

"Would You FIB on the FBI?" Much weirder than Negativland, Zappa, or John Zorn playing an instore at WAL-MART, this is opera for the postmodern age.

steveh

GUNS N' WANKERS For Dancing and Listening (Fat Wreck Records)

It's brutal. It's trash. It's beautiful. Guns N' Wankers are true masters at making punk music that means something (and sounds great, too). Comprised of ex-SNUFF members and friends, Guns n' Wankers move along at an amphetamine pace, spilling their guts out along the way. Songs like "Skin Deep" and "Raise Your Glass" demonstrate ideally the lyrical venom evident in all eight songs on this release. GUNW have a tight approach to making music - these riffs couldn't be destroyed with a blowtorch. It's eloquent noise from smashing boys. Indeed, I haven't enjoyed anything this loud in a longtime.

Julie

WAITING FOR GOD Rapture (N/A)

The debut release from Vancouver duo Waiting For God, *Rapture* was produced by Moev's Tom Ferris and contains three songs: "1000 Places", "Quarter Inch Thick", and "Sickness Inside Soul Machine". Consisting of vocalist Daemon Codman and Martin Myers, who skillfully handles the guitar, keyboard and programming tasks, WFG weaves its musical path around imaginative synth, driving drum tracks, crunching guitar riffs, and Codman's seductively raging vocal work, which sounds like a graceful melding of Sinead and Siouxsie. Fans of Skinny Puppy and Spahn Ranch will find themselves at home with this duo - Waiting For God is a band that will usher us into the apocalyptic nineties and their release, *Rap-*



R.I.C.H. Liches to Rags (Epitaph)

After a few years, Rich Kids on LSD re-emerge with *Riches to Rags* and, in their own words, "We're back, we're pissed." Not too much has changed since their last release. This California five piece will take you on an intense romp through eleven high-energy, slightly metallic, hardcore-type tunes. The musicianship is excellent, in particular the playing of bassist Joe Raposo. There certainly is no question that these guys can play. They are extremely tight and somewhat creative, but the songs tend to be a bit on the intricate side for my liking. If only I was 16 years old again...

Fred Dier

THE SHATNERS The Shatters (Planet Pin Records)

Here's the great, almost instantly rare album from San Francisco's The Shatters, a three piece instrumental group who (duh) are infatuated with the camp of Star Trek. The Shatters wear the uniforms and have many a Treklike song title, including "He's Dead Jim", "Klingon Boarding Party" and "Stronger Than Kirk". These and the other nine tunes are all good rock 'n' roll instrumentals performed well, with a heavy dose of humour. I must admit that this earth's cross-the-board Star Trek infatuation could be nearing its overdue end, but please make

Following Team Dresch was Phranc, whose simple and entertaining set of folk excursions was awkwardly positioned between two fantastically energetic performers, the justly famous Team Dresch and the evening's g!t artists, Bikini Kill. Spitting riffs of harrowing honesty, Kathleen Hanna carried Bikini Kill's self like a conquering heroine. Upholding the last vestiges of true punk underground, the Bikini Kill represent much more than girl revolution; their message devoted to those too blind to hear anyone. Guitarist Billy plucked Rickenbacker strings with sonic inspiration, and

the entire performance stormed through previous areas of pure remembered (a Misfits cover notwithstanding). It's time to listen. Sean Roggett

CHANGE OF HEART

COBB STEELIE HAYDEN Hungry Eye March 3, 1995

For months, if not longer, I've heard so many good things about these bands from people that live a life closer to their home bases in Ontario. Change of Heart is, especially, as practically every band that's from the Eastern hinterlands of this nation seems

to idolize them. Curiosity killed the cat, or so they say, and off I went to the show.

I arrived a few minutes into the opening set by Toronto performer Hayden. This solo "acoustic-grunge" (and I mean that term with all of the ugly connotations it should suggest) guitarist/singer seemed to yippee about two unfortunate trends that are taking a hold in top 40 music these days. Surprise hit me when I found out the next day that he's just been signed to Sonic Unyon records, an otherwise very cool label based in Hamilton - their slogan, "Smell ya Later", may yet take on unfortunate connotations. It was

pretty clear that Hayden must have watched his copy of Pearl Jam *Unplugged* way too many times (more than once, even).

By the time Hayden was mercifully finished, the guest-list packed audience had grown to a full house, most looking forward to Guelph's W.C. A six-piece featuring two guitars, bass, drums, percussion and some ultra-cool keyboard noises, they were a tight, prolific collective that kept the dance floor buzzing, but I found them to be a little reliant on the grooves and lacking in the song. I thought maybe, I could only grow to like them in time, but their occasionally tedious performance

did nothing to inspire my confidence about how the evening was to end.

Change of Heart have been "arena-rockers" for all of a month or so, having opened for the Tragically Hip on their recent Canadian tour, and this was pretty obvious based on their set. When the second song started with a riff straight out of a Stone Temple Pilots' song, I thought they were kidding. Five minutes later I knew they weren't. For the remainder of the set, I could only think bad thoughts of them, questioning whether or not this was what Triumph would have

sounded like today if they were still together.

A friend of mine who lives thousands of miles east of here and considers herself a fan of KCC and COH suggested that Vancouver is too far away from Toronto to have these myths of greatness drummed into our heads. Apparently, few people east of Saskatchewan would ever have a bad thing to say about these two bands. I suppose we can find out if this is true if years from now, to the best of my knowledge, is calling Hayden the next great thing.

Brian Wieser

room for this funny, creative album.

As an added bonus, the record's twelve songs are all crammed on one side, reserving all of side two for a bizarre and hilarious interview with a foul-mouthed, 80-year old couple from Santa Cruz who denounce their deteriorating resort town in a very humorous delivery. So far as I can tell the interview has nothing to do with *Sir Trek or These Shatters*, but it's an added novelty to a good record nonetheless.

Grant Lawrence

THE JAYHAWKS

Tomorrow the Green Grass (American)

Tomorrow the Green Grass is the Jayhawks follow-up to *Hollywood Town Hall*, continuing in a similar vein of short, twangy, country-tinged songs. These make use of immaculate harmonies, courtesy of Mark Olson and Gary Louris, and feature the newest addition to the group, pianist Karen Grotberg. These tunes, according to their liner notes, "tell stories from the inside out...all sung with rare passion, sometimes like prayer". Strong songs like "I'd Run Away" and "Nothing Left to Borrow" make the latest release from this group from Minnesota a very good one.

Fred deif

MORRISSEY World of...

(Sire)
A disappointing mixture of drabs and drabs of singles, live tracks and all three songs from the new "Boxer" single. This is definitely marketing gone out of control; there is no rhyme nor reason to "Billy Budd" and "Spring Heeled Jim", from Moz's last CD, *Vauxhall and I*, are included; much to my puzzlement. The only reason to get this is the splendid version of "Moon River". Morrissey croons in fine form and the children's eerie voices at the end harkens back to his Smiths days fascination with the Moors murders. Rather than investing in

this best of package, a better idea would be to pick up either *Bona Drag* or *Vauxhall and I*.

June Scudeler

POSTER CHILDREN

Junior Citizen (Sire/Reprise/Twintone)

Not having heard more than a song or two from the Poster Children's previous releases, I can't exactly make a comparison with Junior's predecessors. I can say, however, that their new one is aptly described by the east Asian cartoon graphics found throughout the CD jacket: the music definitely has a feel that would fit with the Japanese animation feature of your choice. Not like Matthew Sweet's "Girlfriend"-era songs per se, but not so different. A little harder-edged, a little less poppy, and somewhat less memorable.

This is a well-balanced collection of songs, from speedy double time rockers (like "Revolution Year Zero"), to slower tempo Unreinspired ballads. Not all of the songs are great, though, especially on the latter half of the CD. I would find it hard to imagine that this will be a must-have for anyone's collection.

Japanese cartoons were of varying quality too - few of them meeting the standard of say, *Robotech* - but if you were in a mood to watch them, you'd be more entertained than watching some bland, American, cereal-box inspired animal running amok. Comparatively, *Junior Citizen* would fit in the middle of that Japanese pack, with an adequate amount of that college rock sound that we all love so much. Enough at least to tide the listener over until the next serving of Pavement or the Archers of Loaf.

Brian Wier

PORCH

Porch (Prawn Song Records)

I admit that I don't really listen to music of this sort, so I am not an expert at determining whether it's good or bad. I will tell you that most of the songs are heavy and

filled with loud distorted guitar and bass which seems to be the backbone of the band's music. The lyrics are all basically shouted in spoken-word fashion and they don't offer much enlightenment. A friend of mine commented that they sound like "a weak version of Drive Like Jehu meets The Jesus Lizard". This CD did not do much for me, which explains this short review, but if you like what I've described about them, check them out.

shhh

VARIOUS

Music from and Inspired by My So Called Life (Atlantic)

I freely admit it - I'm a teenager trapped in an adult's body, so, needless to say, I watched the weekly angst-ridden-ness that was *My So Called Life*. It wasn't a happy show: people had problems that weren't solved neatly by the end of the show; Angelo, the lead character, was always reassuringly anxiety-wracked; and they had great wardrobes.

The CD itself starts off with Juliana Hatfield (who appeared on the Christmas episode that made my eyes water very suspiciously - what a wimp). Her track, "Make it Home", is very pleasant, but I've had it up to here with wait-women with guitars and the boys that like them. The rest of the CD reads like a who's who of the dreaded "A" word scene: Buffalo Tom does "Soda Jerk", Afghan Whigs do "Fountain and Fairfax", and Archers of Loaf, Maddox of Rose and The Lemonheads also make appearances. The weirdest inclusions are a very atypical Sonic Youth song, with Lee Ranaldo on vocals and a very muted guitar sound, and Daniel Johnston's "Come See Me Tonight".

Themes from *My So Called Life* is nothing earth shattering, but I like the fact that some effort has been made to reflect the show's feel; all the songs are, of course, angst as hell. Excuse me while I go analyze my existence.

June Scudeler

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A SMALL RAY OF LIGHT

by Sara & Julian

She came running back--



but was clearly disgruntled when she found out I just didn't have the money she hoped for.

She went off in search of other richer men & I rarely saw her.



Around the middle of October, she came to me very distressed.



THEY'RE AFTER ME!
YOU'VE GOT TO HELP!

WHO BRIDGIT?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH THE POLICE? THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT? ... NO?

WHO THEN?

YOU KNOW! THE MEN IN GRAY!

DON'T BE SILLY WOMAN, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



ALIENS!!



This continued for a few weeks. I worried about her mental health.



THEY'RE SUCKING MY LIFE FORCE!

HELP ME!

SHE'S DOING TOO MANY DRUGS. I NEED TO GET HER INTO DETOX.

oh god, if only I had listened to her. She might still be here today.



Soon after, I received one of those dreaded phone calls in the middle of the night.



HELLO?

YES.

JACK TURNER?



WE HAVE YOUR WIFE HERE IN INTENSIVE CARE -- SHE IS IN A COMA.

DEAR GOD!

CONT'D

charts

april '95 LONG VINYL 50 april '95 SHORT VINYL 35 april '95 INDIE HOME JOBS

1	munpano	look what the rookie did	sub pop
2	mary lou lord	mary lou lord	kill rock stars
3	teena dresch	personal best	chainsaw/candy ass
4	sub	come out come out	mint
5	secca normal	sitting on snugs	a t a s d o r
6	skindie Mill	first 2 records on cd	kill rock stars
7	royal trux	thank you	virgin
8	good horsey	karne	tracksun
9	various artists	trm cruts if desired	cinnamon toast
10	Pj harvey	to bring you my love	island
11	throwing muses	university	warner
12	the cortalis	peel	carrot top
13	spunkbarker	products and accessories	finishtone
14	kicking giant	alien id	k
15	various artists	rock stars kill	kill rock stars
16	fastbacks	bike toy clock gift	lucky
17	the fakes	real fiction	chainsaw
18	heavenly	the decline and fall of	k
19	new bomb turks	information highway	crypt
20	various artists	a fat cry	cris
21	sick of it all	scratch the surface	eastwest
22	guicy	for the ladies	slow river
23	haal	are you going to eat that?	sub pop
24	9 lb hammer	hayed timebomb	crypt
25	affaire ... blues women	old, new, borrowed and blue	festival
26	buggybear	weaponry listens to love	kill rock stars
27	face to face	over it	victory
28	hard rock miners	rock'n'roll welfare	a & m
29	bettie nevwert	lamprey	matador
30	gun'n'wankers	gun'n'wankers	fat wreck chords
31	nammy	debut album	fire
32	gaunt	i can see your mom...	thrill sockey
33	sanctified plaid	pokinatcha	tooth & nail
34	kutomized	the battle for space	matador
35	new tucker	down under stress	skylineben
36	free kitten	nice ass	kill rock stars
37	lois	bet the sky	k
38	various artists	fat music for fat people	fat wreck chords
39	the odd numbers	retro fitted for today	eight one nine
40	r.k.l.	riches to rags	epitaph
41	bouncing souls	the good the bad...	byo records
42	various artists	destination hompi	hompi
43	poor old lu	sin	alacrnia
44	various artists	incredibly strange music	asphodel
45	the mcrackins	what came first?	shredder
46	elycium	elycium	independent
47	the inbreds	kombinator	pf
48	elastica	elastica	geffen
49	seamus	liquor face	bad robots
50	yesamine	yesamine	kranky

1	wandering lacy	hit	independent
2	gase	bob	independent
3	bite	fabulous	derivative
4	doe rag	trudge	in the red
5	peat 5000	toast	no life
6	poumons	bad love #13	think
7	godski	toast	march
8	red five	space	shattered
9	teen angels	yesus is on my side	scotch pooch
10	the technical yed	liquid	geuche
11	lefty lacy	split	skinie girl
12	bun/teengenerate	split	lance rock
13	sunnychar	you're my battery	shredder
14	rusty nails/sludge	split	clubgrotesque
15	poundsign/postal	split	smallfi/no life
16	helium	pat's trick	matador
17	larry & the left handed	rubber baby	trash can
18	mighty mighty bosetons	kinder words	big rig
19	hot damn	i just wanna be naked	hell yeah
20	the samonias	away game	dot dot dash
21	tinker	realize	bear
22	june	genius	squealer
23	six cents/natalie	when punk fell to earth	rubber goldfish
24	pet ufo	popen heaven ...	burtsiansa
25	stand st./potbelly	split	mag wheel
26	the grifters	queen of table waters	sub pop
27	campus tramps	knocked out cold	demolition
28	sidcar racers	ride away	bus stop label
29	some	747	high mast
30	3d invisibles	robot monster	neurotic bop
31	bungin' valise	blue collar	am
32	the crusaders	yeah yeah	dionysus
33	the cave 4	high wall	dionysus
34	various artists	i present this	union pole
35	teengenerate	dirty robber	lucky

1	meow	boy groupies
2	rollie's revenge	i wanna be
3	the mysticons	inferno
4	dbs	solitaire
5	lick the pole	lick the pole
6	kid champion	luminites
7	squeaky	not all daisies
8	lashback	big dump
9	wheat chiefs	everything
10	euphonix	radio exorcist
11	ten days late	getaway
12	texture	descending
13	heavy mellow	new year's day
14	the unhappies	peanut guy
15	maryorie cardwell	can't refuse
16	flourpore	the burning
17	lux indigo	she's not on the menu
18	deprogeners	freedumb
19	kravies	expose
20	true love forever	reverb girl

HOME BASS COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON

1	astro cat	hidden	dropbase
2	pulse	move remixes	harthouse
3	eye ban yasi	pizacid	finiflex
4	chosen few	white label	akuma
5	system 01	mind sensations	treasor
6	various artists	technohead 3	react
7	the source exp.	different journeys lp	f&s
8	nine dyax	x factor	dx up beats
9	resistance d	skyline remixes	harthouse
10	search & destroy	return to madness	akuma

HIP HOP 12" VINYL

1	the roots	silent treatment	geffen
2	various artists	new jersey drive	tommy boy
3	the notorious b.i.g.	big poppa	bag/badboy
4	craig mack	get down	bag/badboy
5	black sheep	north south east west	mercury
6	disable planets	dial 7/graffiti	pendulum
7	snif n wesson	da shinin'	wreck
8	common sense	resurrection	relativity
9	gemin the gifted one	funk soul sensation	mercury
10	big l	put it on, l	columbia

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MARCH

THU 30 LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL ON CTR 101.9 FM: DOWN CORPORATION. AMS Programs presents Subsonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub...The Smugglers & The Jades at the Gastown Music Hall...Chocolate Milk w/dj Michael Golf (acid jazz) at the Shaggy Horse...The Bottle w/djs Clarence & David Love Jones at the Piccadilly Pub...Laughing Hyenas, Fireworks, Antietam at the Starfish Room...

FRI 31 Arts County Fair at Thunderbird Stadium. Happy Man at the Railway Club...Rymes with Orange & The Shakedown at the Commodore...Suffering Gals at the WISE Hall...Yellow Belly & Poz-E-Ty at the Hungry Eye...Strapping Young Men, Galactic Thought, Belter at the Starfish Room...Oat & Bounty Hunter at the Town Pump...Dick & Jane at the Gastown Music Hall...Aboriginal Achievement Awards at the QE Theatre...SUBfilms: Little Women (7pm), Disclosure (9pm) in the SUB, UBC...

APRIL

SAT 1 CTR and Terminal City Present Fools For Freedom Benefit for Amnesty Int., and Vanc. Artistic Development Soc. w/Daytona, Zilly Cracker, dhs, Smak, Mystery Machine, Daygo Abortions & The Wignuts at the Plaza Of Nations (7pm). Reggae Splash '95 at the Eagles Hall...Steven Wright at the QE Theatre...Happy Man at the Railway Club...SNFU & Gashuffer at the New York Theatre...The Pleasers at the Starfish Room...One & Fugitive at the Town Pump...Spring Fling at the Commodore...Dunn the Driv, Load Pipe Club & Jabber at the Hungry Eye...Jazzberry Bar & Ringpiece at the Gastown Music Hall...SUBfilms: Little Women (7pm), Disclosure (9pm) in the SUB, UBC...

SUN 2 Bely Benefit (fundraiser for In Hell's Bell magazine) w/Mollies Revenge & ten days late at Graceland (7pm)... Thurston & Celestial Magenta at the Plaza of Nations...Barra MacNeils & Babe Gurr at the Centennial Theatre...Pam Tillis & Prairie Oyster at the Orpheum...GoGo Jazz Lounge w/dj's Michael Golf & Lovely Lisa at the Arts Club Theatre...Alternative Jazz at Cafe Deux Soileis...SUBfilms: Little Women (7pm), Disclosure (9pm) in the SUB, UBC...

MON 3 CTR 101.9 FM PRESENTS GEEK LOVE AT THE PIT PUB. Ice Cube & face to face at the Commodore...Zoo Boogaloo w/djs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish...Yellowbelly & Active Pass at the Railway Club...

TUE 4 Leisure Lounge w/dj's Jon Hardy, Jess & Druna (deep

house/ambient) at the Shaggy Horse...Yellowbelly & Active Pass at the Railway Club...

WED 5 Siouxsie and the Banshees at the Vogue Theatre... The Melvins at the Town Pump...Solid Gold w/djs Jon Hardy, T. Bone, Dickey Doo (progressive house) at the Shaggy Horse...Jaylene Stonehouse at the Railway Club...

THU 6 LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL ON CTR 101.9 FM: BUDGET ROCK SHOWCASE/PIPEBOMB. AMS Programs presents Subsonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub Featuring The Smalls and Bender...CTR Presents: Shuffle Demons at the Commodore...Cozybones at the Starfish Room...Chocolate Milk w/dj Michael Golf (acid jazz) at the Shaggy Horse...The Bottle w/djs David Love Jones at the Piccadilly Pub...Sol w/dj Markem at Graceland...Zilly Cracker & Knock Down Ginger at the Railway Club...

FRI 7 PHD & Bounty Hunter at the Starfish Room, D.D.T. and Claw Hammer at the Commodore...Wignuts, Spiritual Heroic & Kim Linekin at the Railway Club...Altan at the Massey Theatre...SUBfilms: Dumb & Dumber (7pm), Pulp Fiction (9pm) at the SUB, UBC...

SAT 8 Poster Children, Zupano & Tsunami at the Starfish Room...Roach Motel, gleam & Thurston at the Railway Club...Big Sugar, Seventh Stone at the Commodore...Marilyn Lermer (hip) at the Glass Slipper...Jane Goodall at the Vogue Theatre...SUBfilms: Dumb & Dumber (7pm), Pulp Fiction (9pm) at the SUB, UBC...

SUN 9 GoGo Jazz Lounge w/dj's Michael Golf & Lovely Lisa at the Arts Club Theatre...Voices of Zappa and Crumb at the YBCO...Alternative Jazz at Cafe Deux Soileis...Sonny Fortune Quartet at the Starfish Room...SUBfilms: Dumb & Dumber (7pm), Pulp Fiction (9pm) at the SUB, UBC...

MON 10 CTR 101.9 FM PRESENTS GEEK LOVE AT THE PIT PUB. Ice Cube & face to face at the Commodore...Zoo Boogaloo w/djs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish Room...more than words should say Xtreme to the Commodore...

TUE 11 Funny Thing About That & Joe Fool at the Railway Club...Leisure Lounge w/dj's Jon Hardy, Jess, Druna (deep house/ambient) at the Shaggy Horse...Samizdat Theatre: Vavla April's AUDIENCE (12:05 showtime) at the Gastown Actor's Studio, April 11-29...CTR Presents Pet at the Town Pump...

WED 12 Funny Thing About That & the Jim Currie Band at the Railway Club...Solid Gold w/djs T-Bone, Dickey Doo, Jon Hardy (progressive house) at the Shaggy Horse...

THU 13 LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL ON CTR 101.9 FM: UTOPIA. Jelly Roll Blues Band & Mark Dunn at the Railway Club...Adrian Park at the Commodore...AMS Programs presents Subsonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub featuring The Wheat Chiefs and Ottoman Divines...Chocolate Milk w/dj Michael Golf (acid jazz) at the Shaggy Horse...Sol w/dj Markem at Graceland...Guided By Voices & Stripping Fingertails at the Starfish Room...

FRI 14 djs Jon Hardy & Druna at the Shaggy Horse...The Real McKenzies at the Railway Club...Bourbon Tabernacle Choir, Spirit Merchants & Captain Tractor at the Commodore...Psychomania, Flash Bastard, The Fiends & El Ballisteco at the Penthouse (Anarchy in BC Tour)

SAT 15 Lyle Lovett at the Q.E. Theatre (unless he breaks another bone)...The Real McKenzies at the Railway Club...Buddy Guy, w/ Sonny Landreth at the Commodore

SUN 16 Alternative Jazz at Cafe Deux Soileis...GoGo Jazz Lounge w/dj's Michael Golf & Lovely Lisa at the Arts Club Theatre...

MON 17 CTR 101.9 FM PRESENTS GEEK LOVE AT THE PIT PUB. Zoo Boogaloo w/djs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish Room...Mamaland, Sugar Candy Mountain at TBA

TUE 18 Leisure Lounge w/dj's Jon Hardy, Jess, Druna (deep house/ambient) at the Shaggy Horse...CTR Presents Royal Trux & Fluf at the Town Pump...Veda Hille at the Railway Club

WED 19 Solid Gold w/djs Jon Hardy, T. Bone, Dickey Doo at the Shaggy Horse...Veda Hille at the Railway Club...

THU 20 AMS Programs presents Subsonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub featuring People Playing Music and Rameses...Faith No More at the Commodore...The Bottle (acid jazz) w/djs Clarence & David Love Jones at the Piccadilly Pub...Sol w/dj Markem at Graceland...Chocolate Milk w/dj Michael Golf at the Shaggy Horse...The Quiltin' Bee Crashers & Marjorie Cardwell at HMV Robson...Eric Watson/John Lindberg Duo at the Glass Slipper...

FRI 21 CTR Presents cub & The Mr. T Experience at the Starfish Room...Pure Velour at the Railway Club...Des'ree at Richards on Richards...Cool at the Malcolm Lowry Room...

SAT 22 CTR Presents Bob Superchunk & Cold Water Flat at Graceland...Tom Lewis at the WISE Hall...Astronauts & the Snugglers at the Railway Club...

SUN 23 GoGo Jazz Lounge w/dj's Michael Golf & Lovely Lisa at the Arts Club Theatre...Alternative Jazz at Cafe Deux Soileis...

MON 24 CTR 101.9 FM PRESENTS GEEK LOVE AT THE PIT PUB. Zoo Boogaloo w/djs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish Room...

TUE 25 Noah's Great Rainbow at the Railway Club...Joe Jackson at the Orpheum...Leisure Lounge w/dj's Jon Hardy, Jess & Druna (deep house/ambient) at the Shaggy Horse...

WED 26 Lonesome Canadians at the Railway Club...

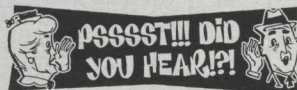
THU 27 LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL ON CTR 101.9 FM. AMS Programs presents Subsonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub featuring Universal Honey and SUBTRACTOR...The Dead Cats & Flash Bastard at the Niagara...Grey Head Tragedy at the Railway Club...The Quiltin' Bee Crashers at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Punk & Disorder hits the streets...Jazzmanian Devils at the Railway Club

SAT 29 Jazzmanian Devils at the Railway Club

VENUES

Alma Street Cafe	2505 Alma (at Broadway)	222 2244
Anza Club	318 8th (Mount Pleasant)	767 7128
Arts Centre	4150 W. 10th	684 2787
Barry's	110 W Hastings (downtown)	685 0509
Bass		689 7734
Backstage Lounge	1585 Johnston (Granville Island)	687 1354
Cafe Deux Soileis	2096 Commercial (the Drive)	254 1195
Cafe Vieux Montreal	317 E Broadway (Mount Pleasant)	873 1331
Carpenter Theatre	965 Granville (Granville Mall)	683 6099
Celebrities	1022 David (West End)	689 3180
Cinema Theatre	999 Canada Place (downtown)	682 4629
Commodore Ballroom	870 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 7838
Commodore	1485 38th (Granville Mall)	681 1531
Crossroads Traffic	316 W Hastings (downtown)	669 7573
Danman Place Cinema	1030 Denman (West End)	683 2201
Darvitz Coffee	1035 Mainland (Yaletown)	887 0032
Deafinitely Arts Centre	280 E Cordova (at Main)	689 0926
Feed No Fishes Vancouver		872 6719
Gastown Actors Studio	36 Powell Street (Gastown)	684 8456
Glass Slipper	2714 Prince Edward (Mount Pleasant)	877 0666
Graceland	1250 Richards (downtown)	688 2466
Hastings Community Centre	2096 E Hastings (East Van)	255 2606
Hemp B.C.	324 W Hastings (downtown)	681 4620
Highway Theatre	3123 W Broadway (Kitsilano)	689 5351
Hungry Eye	110 W Hastings (Gastown)	872 0999
Koolhaas' Pub	424 E UBC	251 6626
La Quena 1111 Commercial	(the Drive)	685 3288
La-Va-Fair	1275 Seymour (downtown)	682 5455
Laux Theatre	57 Hastings (Gastown)	685 0143
Maximum Blues Pub	1176 Granville (downtown)	689 6444
Odyssey Imports	534 Seaport (Gastown)	682 3291
Old American Pub	928 Main (downtown)	685 3050
Orpheum Theatre	Smith & Seymour (downtown)	731 3456
Pacific Cinematheque	1131 Howe (downtown)	681 1732
Paradise Cinema	919 Granville (Granville Mall)	876 2747
Park Theatre	3440 Cambie (South Vancouver)	682 3221
Piccadilly Pub	630 W Pender (downtown)	682 4272
Pit Pub basement	Student Union Building (UBC)	681 6740
Pitt Gallery	317 W Hastings (downtown)	685 7050
Plaza Theatre	881 Granville (Granville Mall)	684 4100
Punk Listings		681 1625
Railway Club	579 Dunsmuir (downtown)	738 6311
Ridge Cinema	3131 Arbutus (at 16th Avenue)	674 6200
Rossian Hall	4600 Campbell (Kitsilano)	688 2923
Santa Monica	1100 W. 10th (at Cambie)	206 734 1539
Shaggy Horse Cabaret	818 Richards (downtown)	682 4171
Speedy O'Tubbs Fairview	(Bellinham)	689 0096
Starfish Room	1055 Homer (downtown)	688 3312
Starlight Cinema	935 Denman (West End)	206 734 1881
Station Street Arts Centre	930 Station (downtown)	685 6685
3B Tavern	1226 State (Bellinham)	682 7976
Town Pump	66 Water Street (Gastown)	682 8550
Track Records	552 Seymour (downtown)	822 3697
Twilight Zone	7 Alexander (Gastown)	822 0999
UBC CINEMA	(located in the SUB)	254 9578
UBC Grand Centre Gate 4	(UBC)	669 4442
University East Cultural Centre	1895 Venables	222 2235
Vancouver Centre Cinema	650 W. Georgia (downtown)	872 8337
Varsity Theatre	4375 W 10th Avenue (Point Grey)	257 6205
Vital in 1965	1000 South Van	685 6217
Vogue Theatre	918 Granville (Granville Mall)	254 5858
Waterfront Theatre	1405 Anderson (Granville Is.)	681 9253
W.I.S.E. Hall	1882 Adnae (the Drive)	738 3232
Yale Blues Pub	1300 Granville (downtown)	
Zulu Records	1869 W. 4th Avenue (Kitsilano)	

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Face to Face

Face to Face • Big Choice

Like little budding leaves, punk rock is often a sign that summer is well on the way. So, with that in mind, this record will be the soundtrack to your new summer adventures (and many Shurpee stops). Akin to the *Offspring*, this is the kind of punk rock that brings to mind sunny days, jumping up and down, and hanging out with your friends. Come get it.

• 16.98 • 10.98

Refrigerator

Refrigerator • Now You Continue Dreaming

The word "earnest" can hardly describe the awkwardly honest sound of *Refrigerator*. Their personal and personable sound is as enduringly dear as a favourite pair of pants — you know, the ones you've had forever and can't imagine not wearing always. These guys rediscover the description "low fi" as meaning authenticity, not "style." And what a collection of songs to enjoy and enjoy! *Refrigerator* should be a household name — in more ways than one. Come find out why.

• 16.98

Spiritualized Electric

Spiritualized Electric Mainline • Pure Phase

One of the most eagerly awaited albums of the year has finally landed here in Zuluhand... and the spacem(n) emerging from this musical vehicle have proven to be well worth the wait. A recording ripe with influences, but arranged and performed in an innovative and interesting way. A sonic bombardment that will spiritualize your soul. Enjoy.

• 16.98 • 10.98

transGlobal UnderGround

Smog • Wild Love

Maybe it's because the *Flaming Lips* covered one of his songs and maybe it's because the nightmares are gone, but whatever, little Billy *Smog* is perking up. Out of the bedroom and into the living room, *Wild Love* is a glorious testament to living in a strange and crazy world. Ditching the "low fi" of yesterday for the "mid-fi" of today, *Smog* is definitely playing with a smile... sort of.

• 16.98

Transglobal Underground

• International Times

Tying up the lines of contemporary soul, funk and worldbeat jazz, *Transglobal Underground's International Times* doesn't leave much room for their colleagues in sound. Here's a record for fans of *Jah Wobble* and *Sabres of Paradise*. Think about it — "Trans" as in movin', "Global" ie, from Dakar to London; and "Underground" a/k/a tres chic.

• 16.98 • 10.98

Goo Goo Dolls

• A Boy Named Goo

We know that in this ad we say that the *Face to Face* album is the soundtrack of the summer, but it's going to have to share the honour with the new *Goo Goo Dolls* album. *A Boy Named Goo* is so catchy it might be a crime. It's the *Feel Good Record* of the Year — we dare you not to sing along!

Replacements-influenced raunch-pop from the best band in Buffalo.

• 14.98 • 9.98

Portastatic • Scrapbook EP

Mac *Superhunk* has come out from his drawing room again, and with the help of some friends (Ira and Georgia from *Yo La Tengo*, no less), has produced another collection of pop ideas for us to enjoy (including a *Brian Eno* cover). So, if this is the beginning of some greater process, we can't wait, but in the meantime, this EP will help ease our fancy.

• EP 11.98

Lida Husik • Joyride

Back from her critically acclaimed ambient project *Evening at the Grange*, 1995 finds *Lida* as prolific as ever, as well as within the warm confines of this spacey and poppy *Joyride*! *Lida's* umpteenth record, *Joyride* rings the ears with its strings and swelling tones. Score one for craftiness!

• 16.98 • 10.98

Sleeper • Smart

Coming across the ocean with contemporaries *Elastica* and *Echobelly*, *Sleeper's* brand of post-punk, post-Pixies pop will be sure to enlighten any listener, capturing the spirit of the new "new wave" of England's latest pop style.

• 16.98 • 10.98

Morphine • Yes

Lounging somewhere at the back of the room between *The The* and the *American Music Club*, *Morphine* make mature music for the café generation. With dusky, sombre tones and almost dry poetics, *Morphine* produce another fine work that tells stories about the little bits of beauty and tragedy that make up our everyday lives.

• 16.98 • 10.98

SMART

Perfume Tree • Fathom the Sky

A specially priced 7-track EP featuring exploratory mixes of their forthcoming album, *A Lifetime Away*. Coming in late April on Zulu...

